# In War-time

## A Choral Song Cycle of War Poetry

by

# Clive Strutt

ES Verlag

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## Dedication

*To all who lost their lives or health in war, especially Herbert Sydney Strutt, Pte., 138696, 52nd Battalion The Royal Fusiliers, 1900 – November 13th 1918.*

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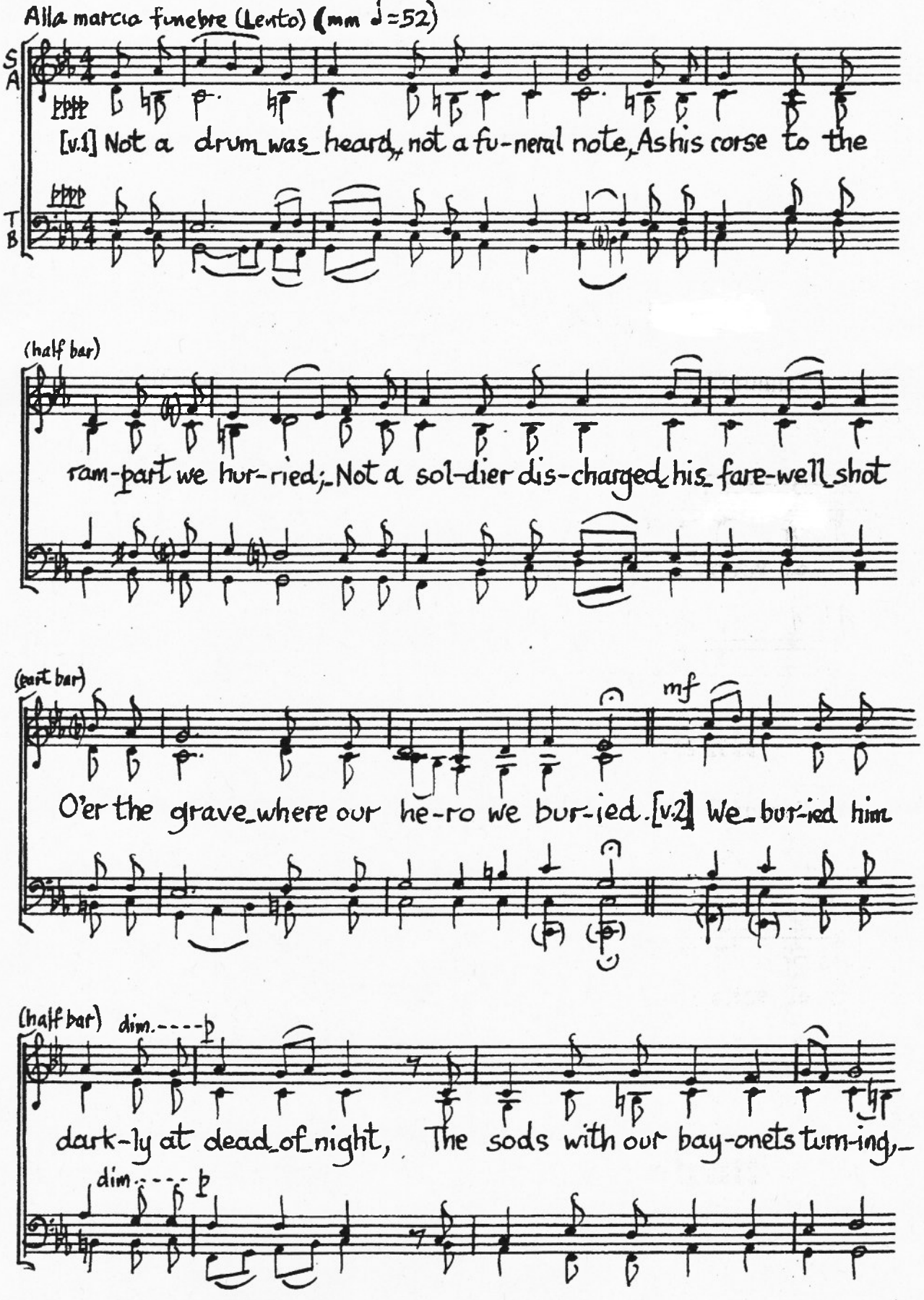
# *In War-time* by Clive Strutt

1. CORTEGGIO: "The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna"
(Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823)

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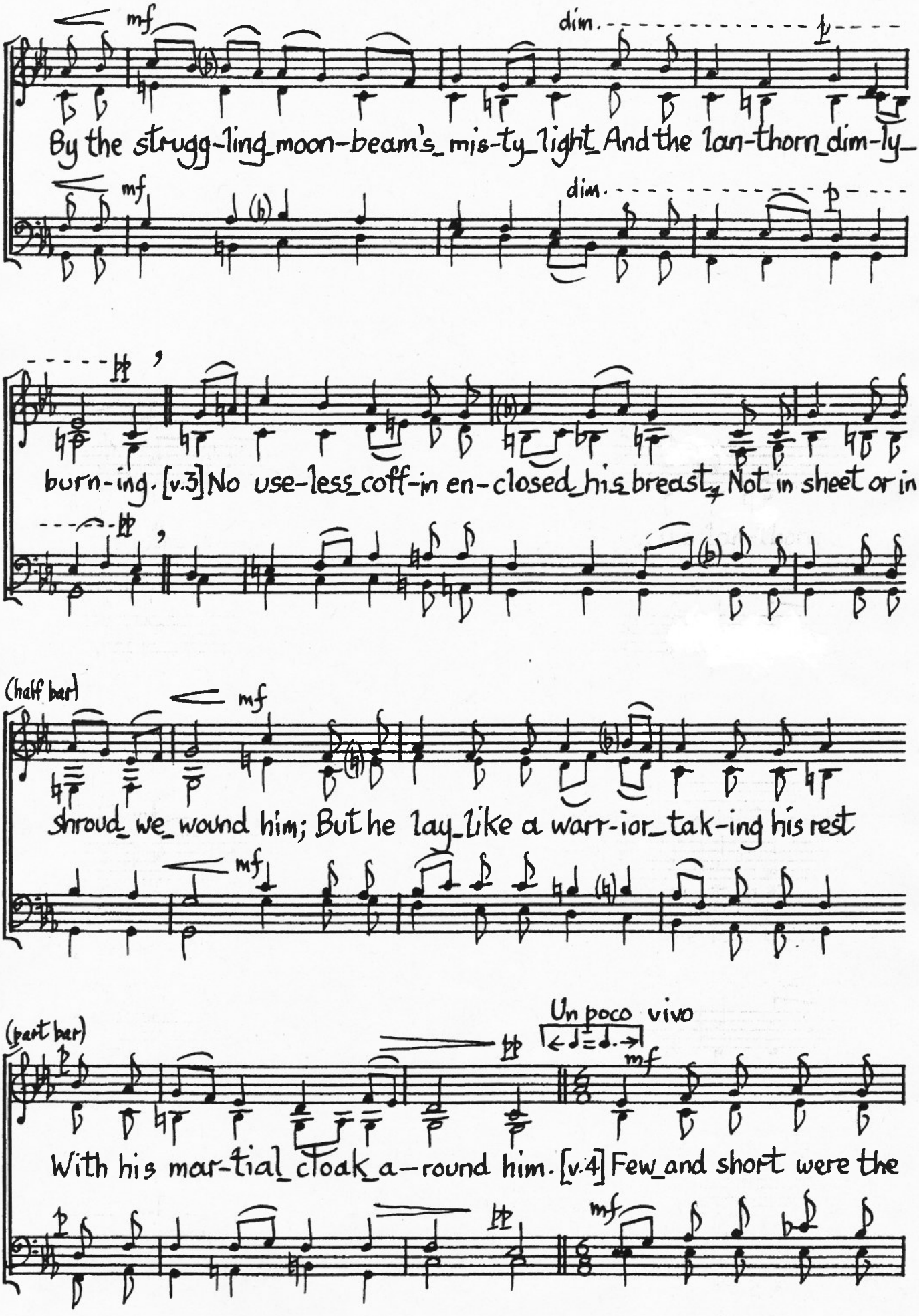
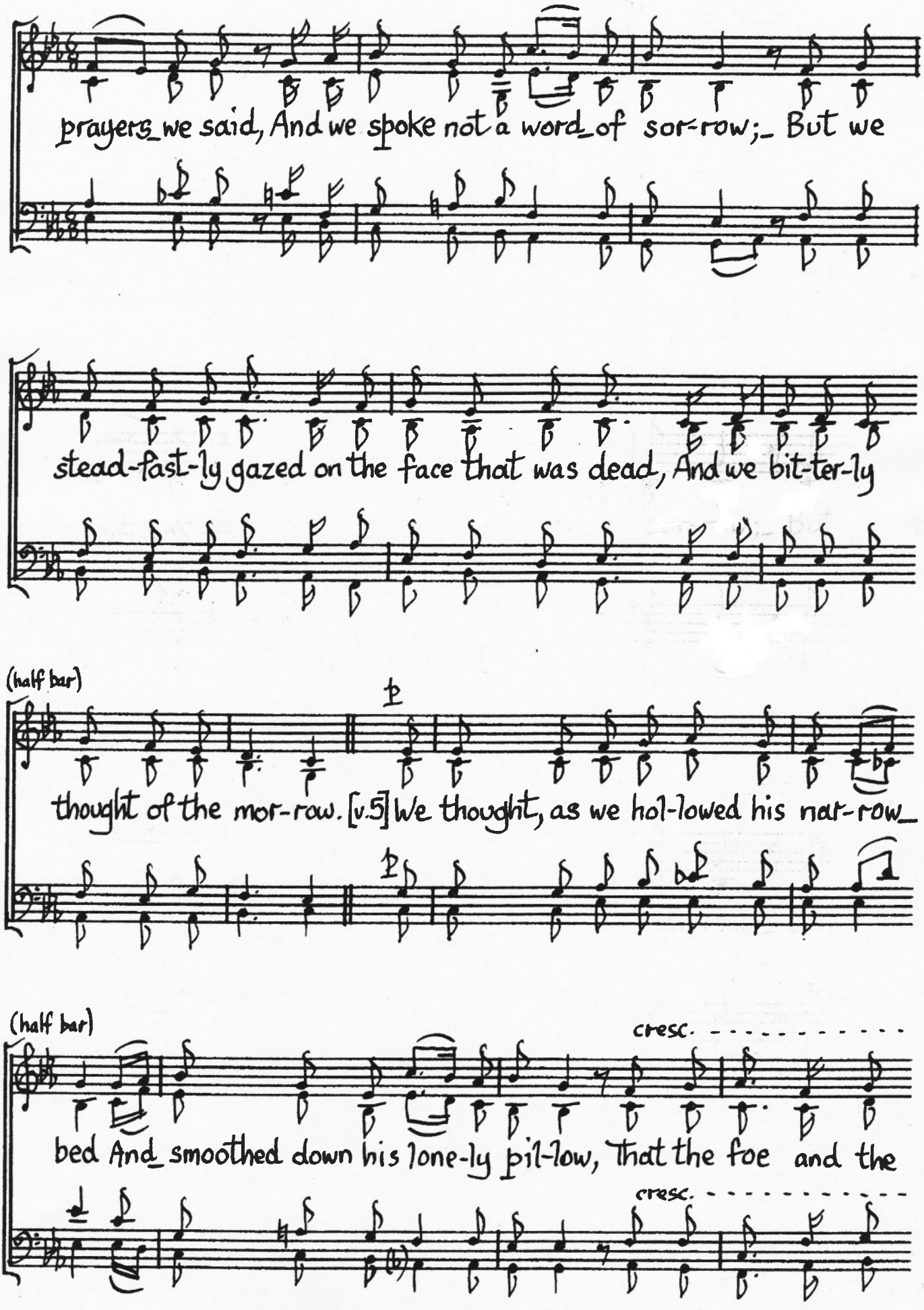
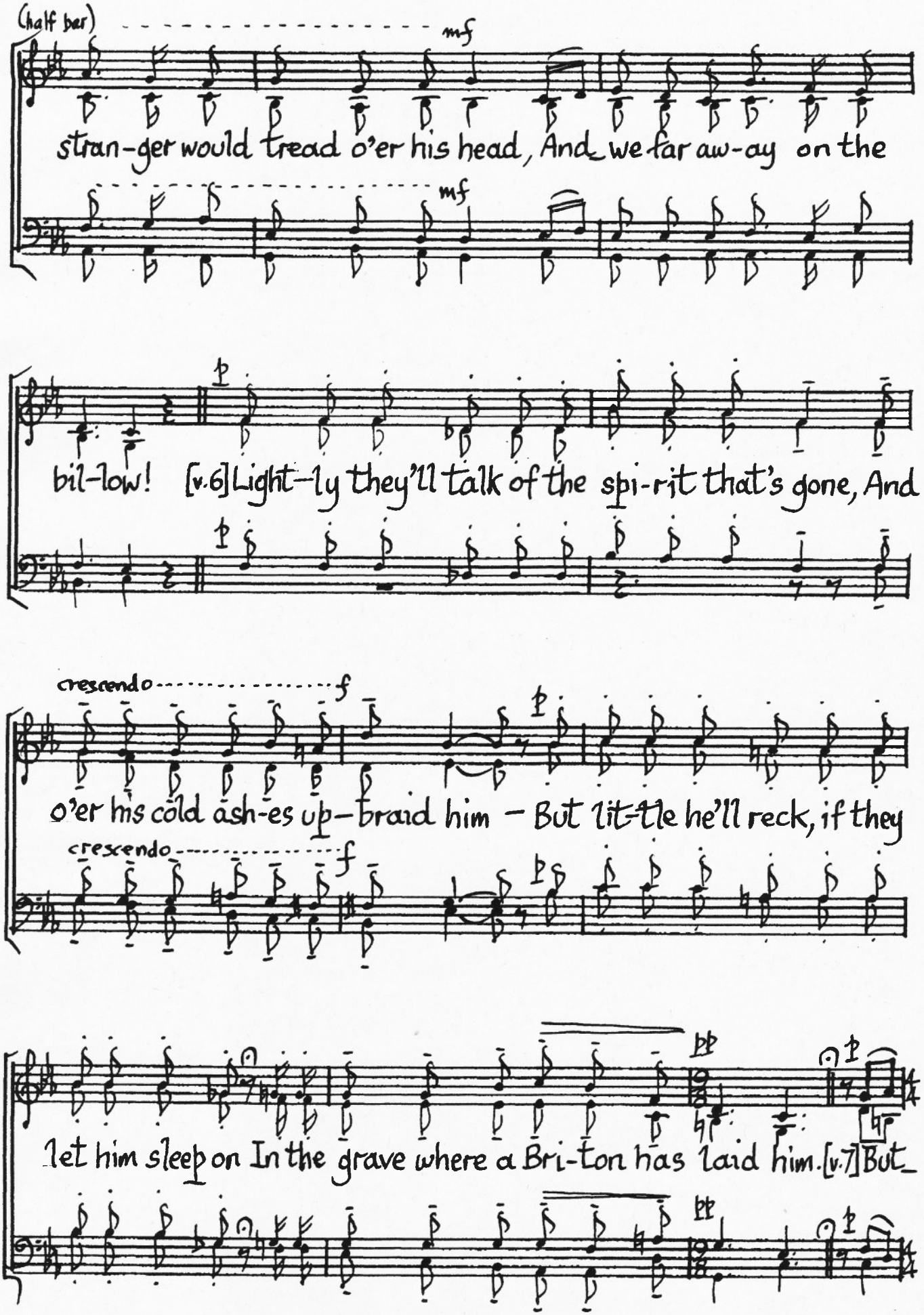
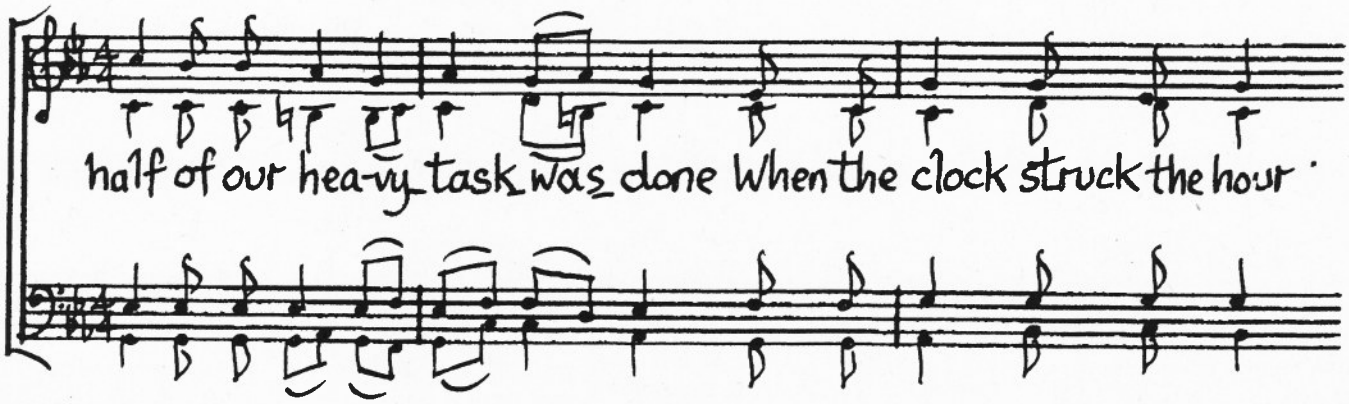

mf
dim.
By the strugg-ling moon-beam's mis-ty light And the lan-thorn dim-ly
mf
dim.
burn-ing. [v.3] No use-less coff-in en-closed his breast, Not in sheet or in
(half bar)
mf
shroud we wound him; But he lay like a warr-ior tak-ing his rest
mf
(part bar)
Un poco vivo
mf
With his mar-tial cloak a-round him. [v.4] Few and short were the
mf

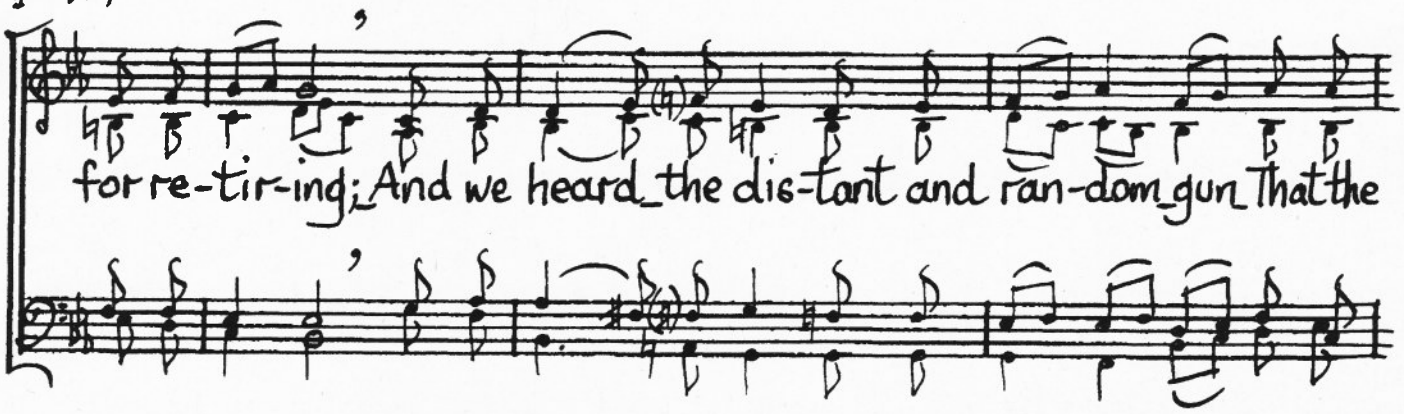

prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sor-row;- But we
stead-fast-ly gazed on the face that was dead, And we bit-ter-ly
(half bar)
thought of the mor-row. [v.5] We thought, as we hol-lowed his nar-row
(half bar)
cresc.
bed And smoothed down his lone-ly pil-low, That the foe and the
cresc.

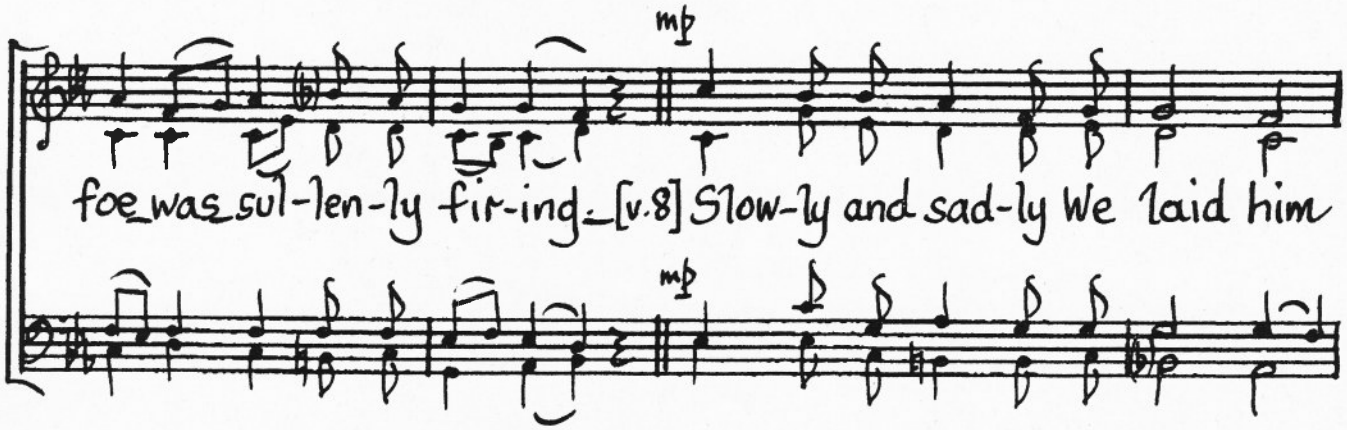

(half bar)
mf
stran-ger would tread o'er his head, And we far aw-ay on the
mf
bil-low! [v.6] Light-ly they'll talk of the spi-rit that's gone, And
crescendo
f
o'er his cold ash-es up-braid him - But lit-tle he'll reck, if they
crescendo
f
let him sleep on In the grave where a Bri-ton has laid him. [v.7] But

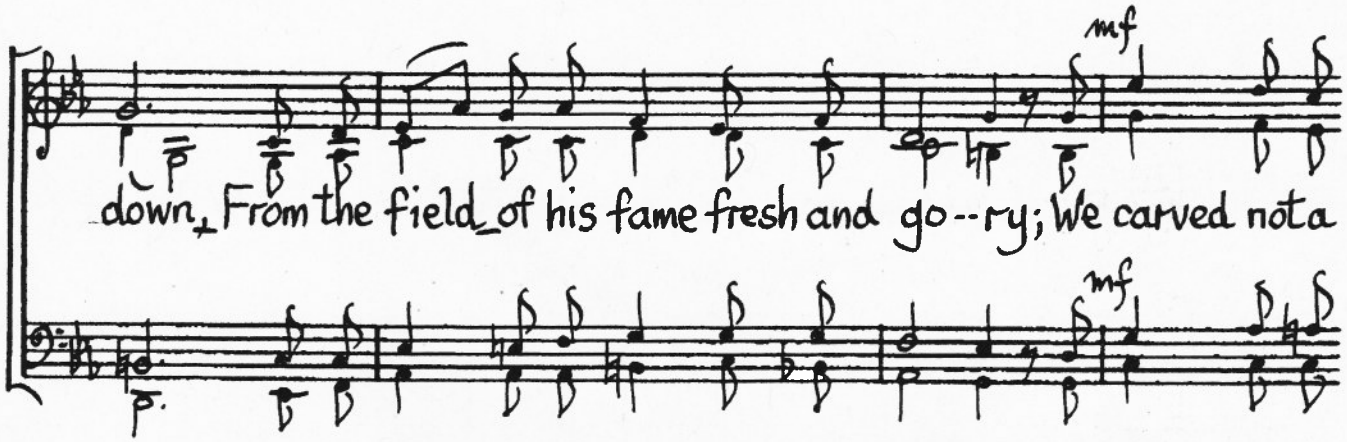
Tempo come primo (Alla Marcia Funèbre)

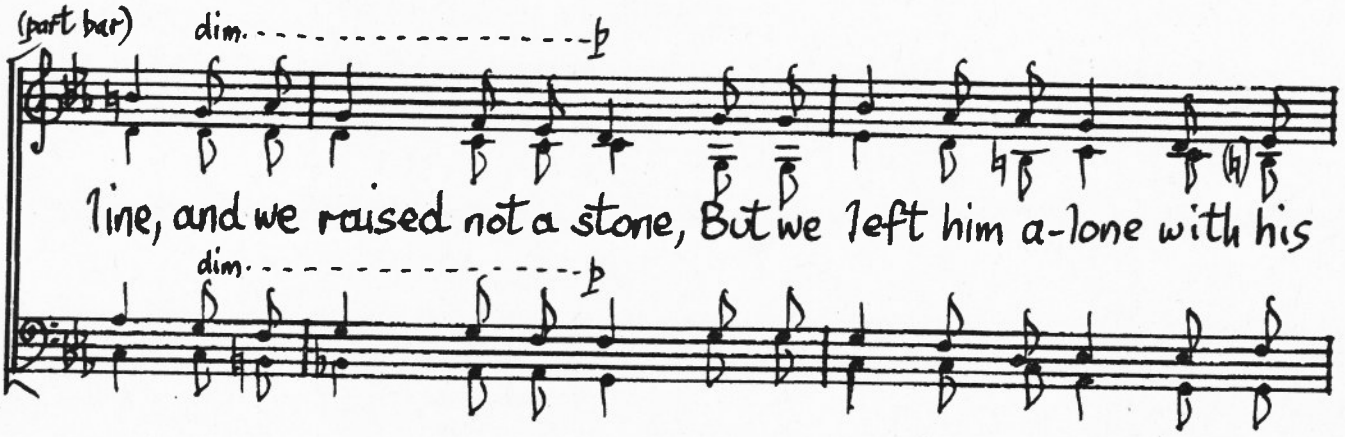


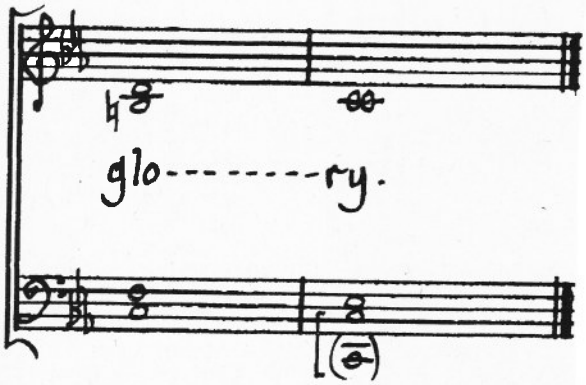

(part bar)



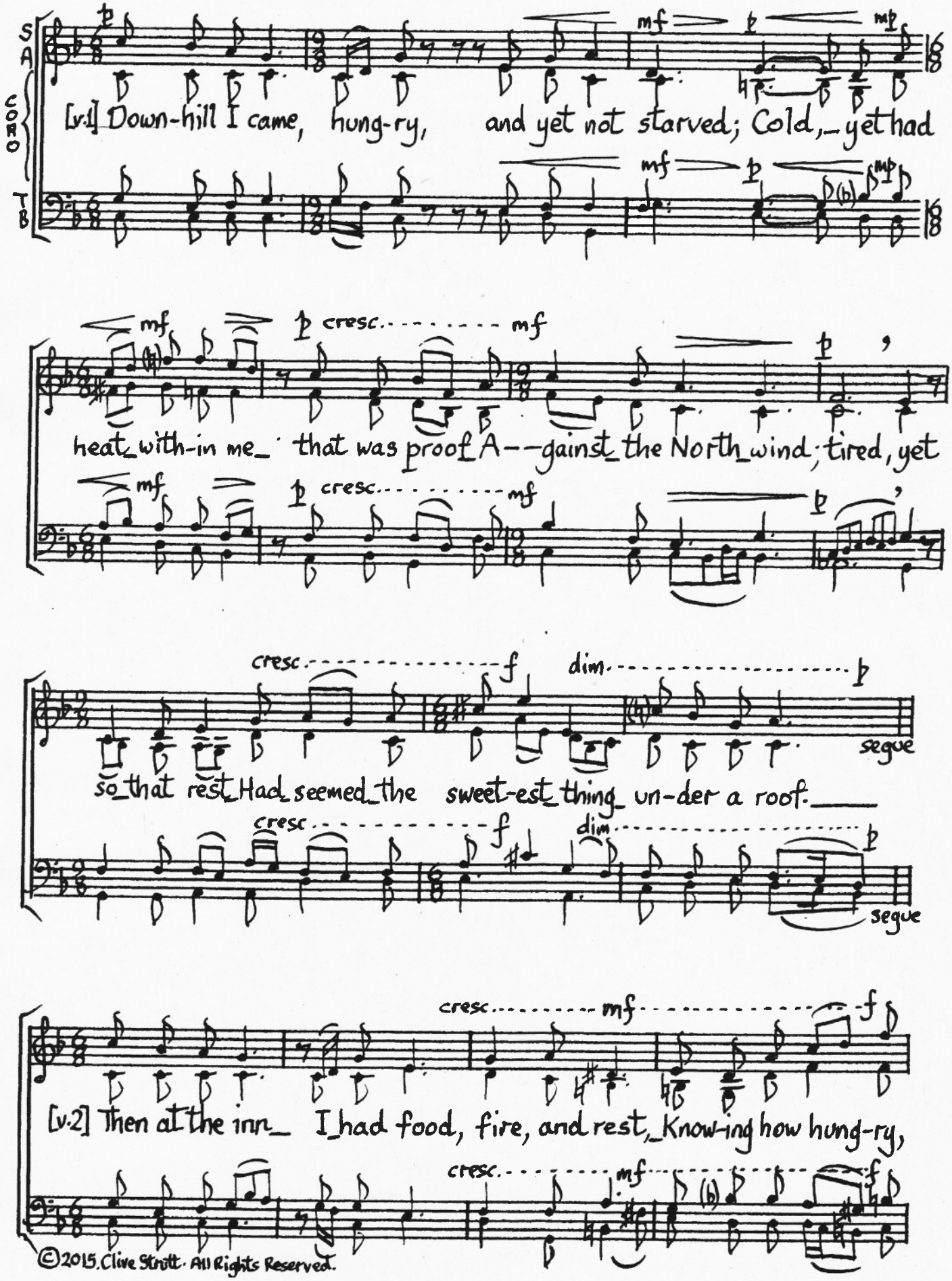



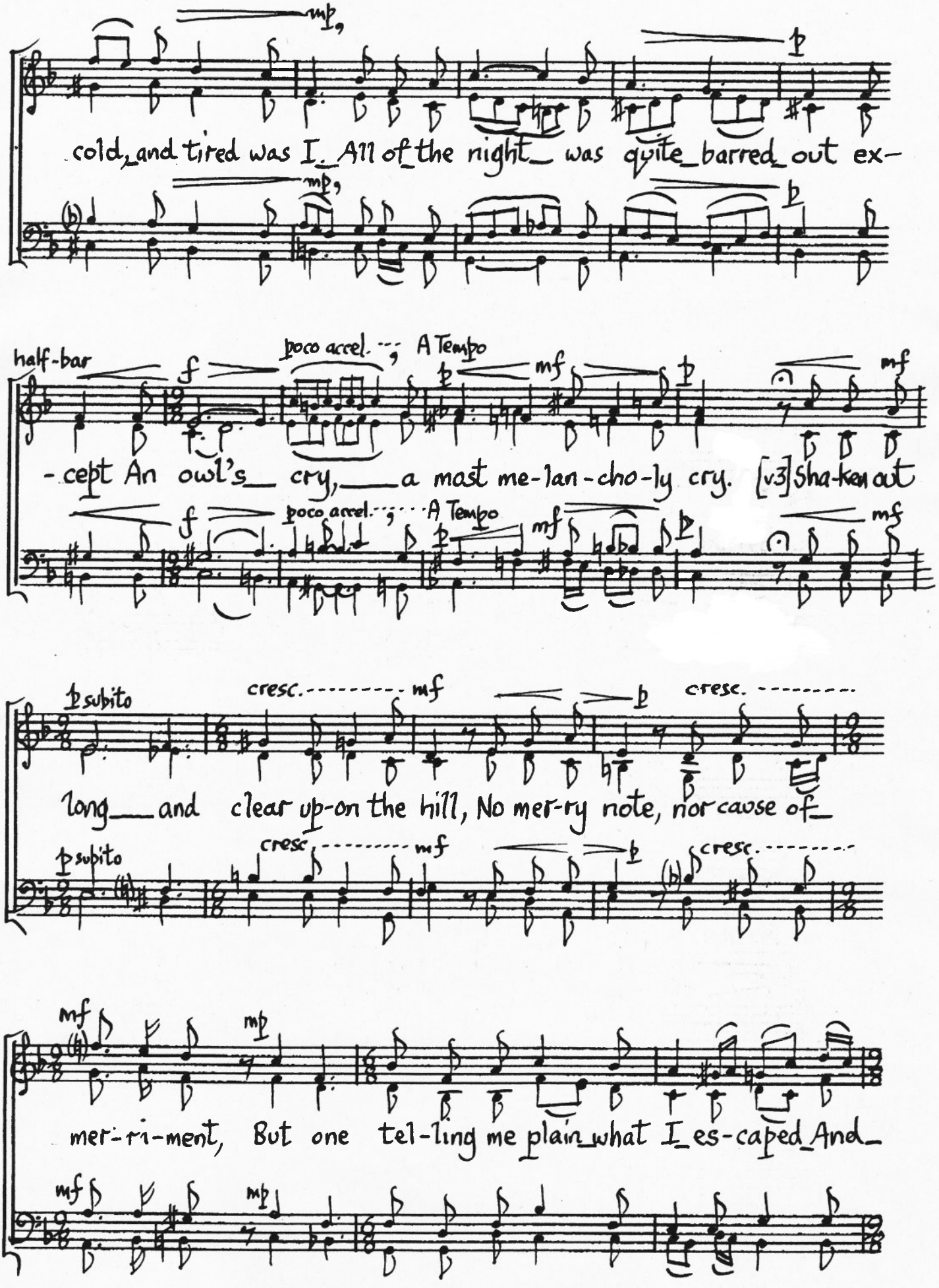

(part bar)
dim.
line, and we raised not a stone, But we left him a-lone with his
dim.

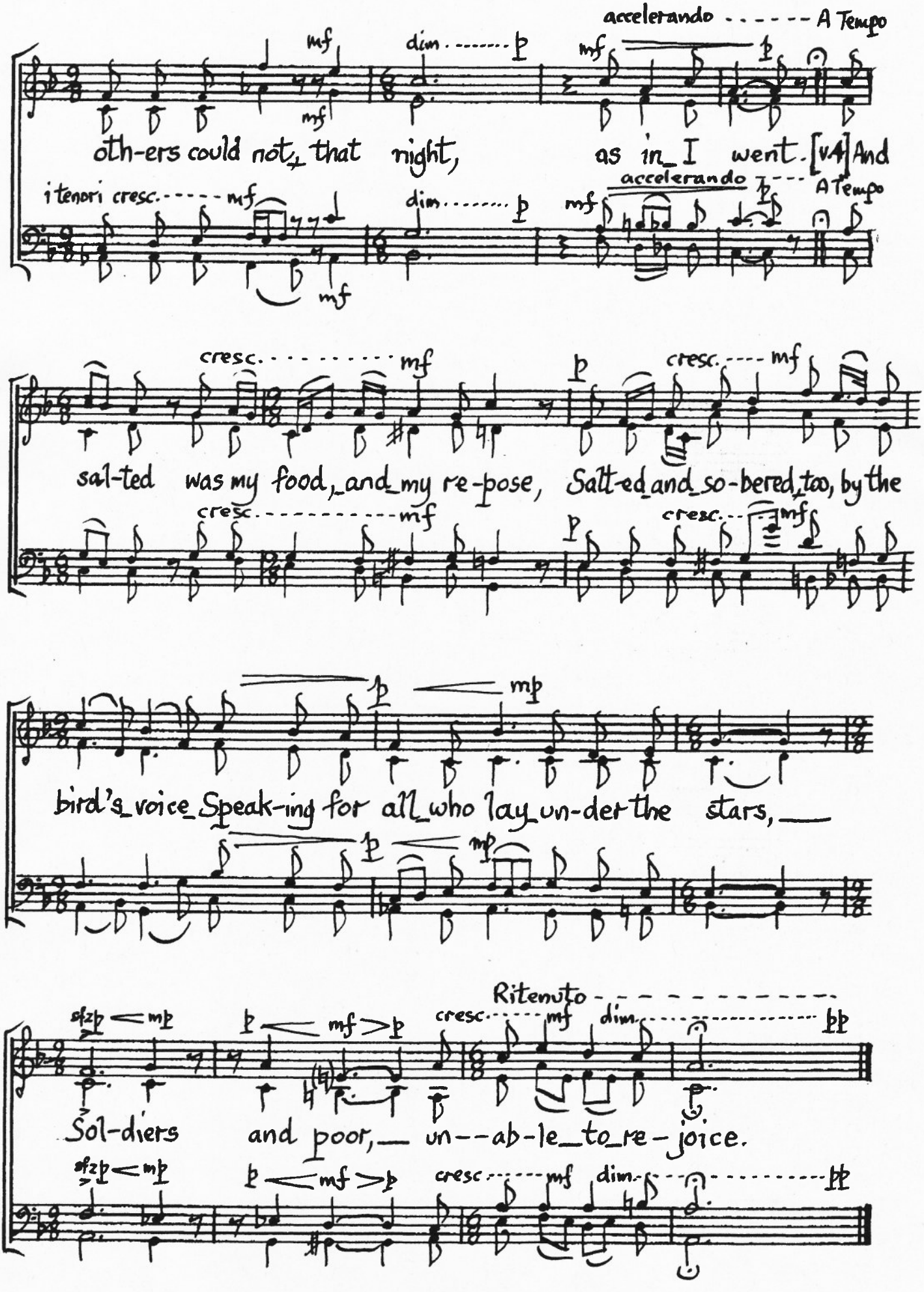

glo-------ry.

## 2. FIRST NOCTURNE: "The Owl"

Moderato (mm ♩.=60) (Edward Thomas, 1878-1917)

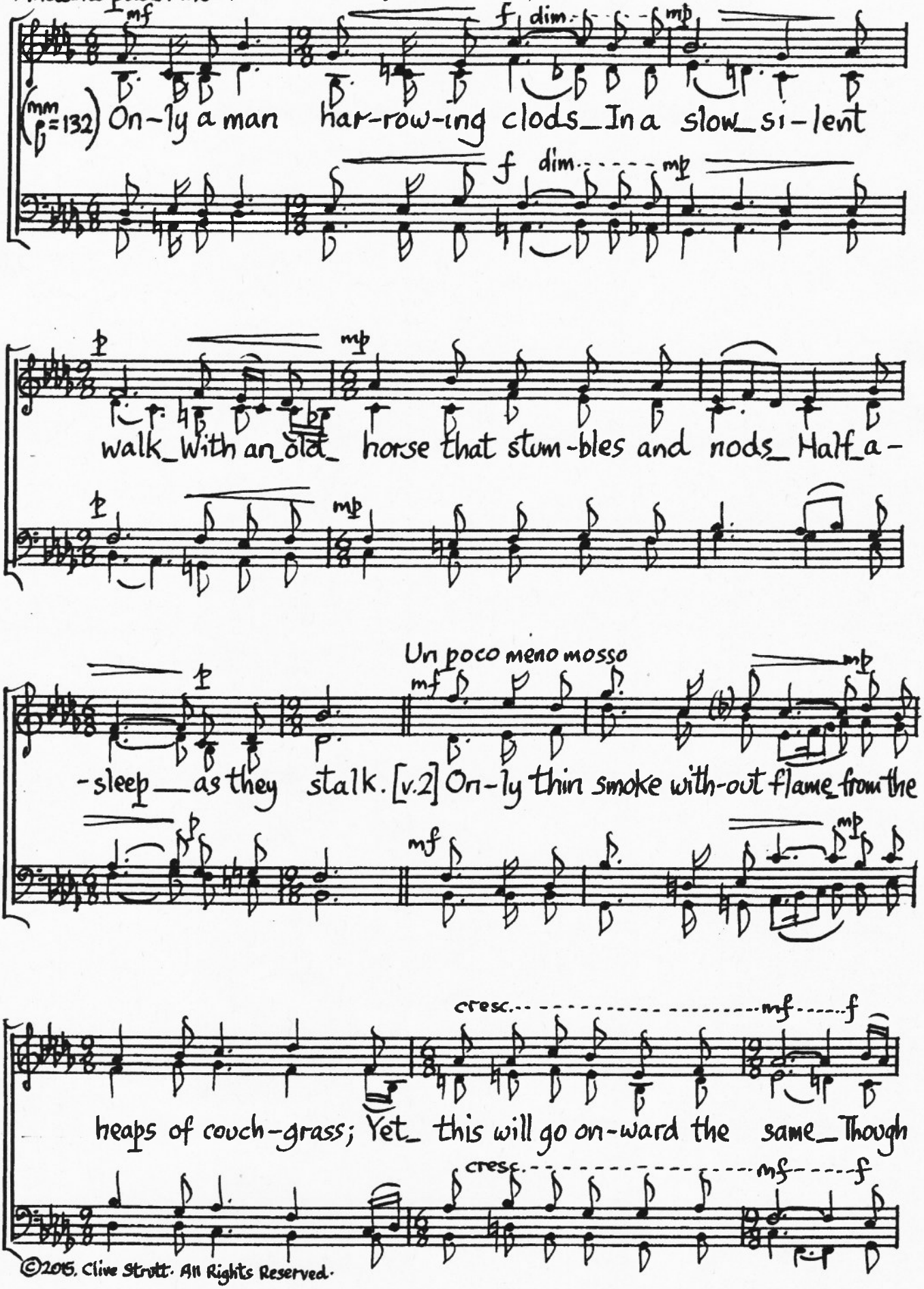



mp
cold, and tired was I. All of the night was quite barred out ex-
mp
half-bar
f
poco accel.
A Tempo
mf
-cept An owl's cry, a mast me-lan-cho-ly cry. [v3] Sha-ken out
f
poco accel.
A Tempo
mf
subito
cresc.
mf
long and clear up-on the hill, No mer-ry note, nor cause of
subito
cresc.
mf
mf
mp
mer-ri-ment, But one tel-ling me plain what I es-caped And
mf
mp


accelerando
A Tempo
mf
dim
p
oth-ers could not, that night, as in I went. [v.4] And
i tenori cresc.
cresc.
sal-ted was my food, and my re-pose, Salt-ed and so-bered, too, by the
mp
bird's voice Speak-ing for all who lay un-der the stars,
Ritenuto
sfzp
pp
Sol-diers and poor, un--ab-le to re-joice.

3. ECLOGUE: "In Time of '*The Breaking of Nations*'"

Andante pastorale (Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928)

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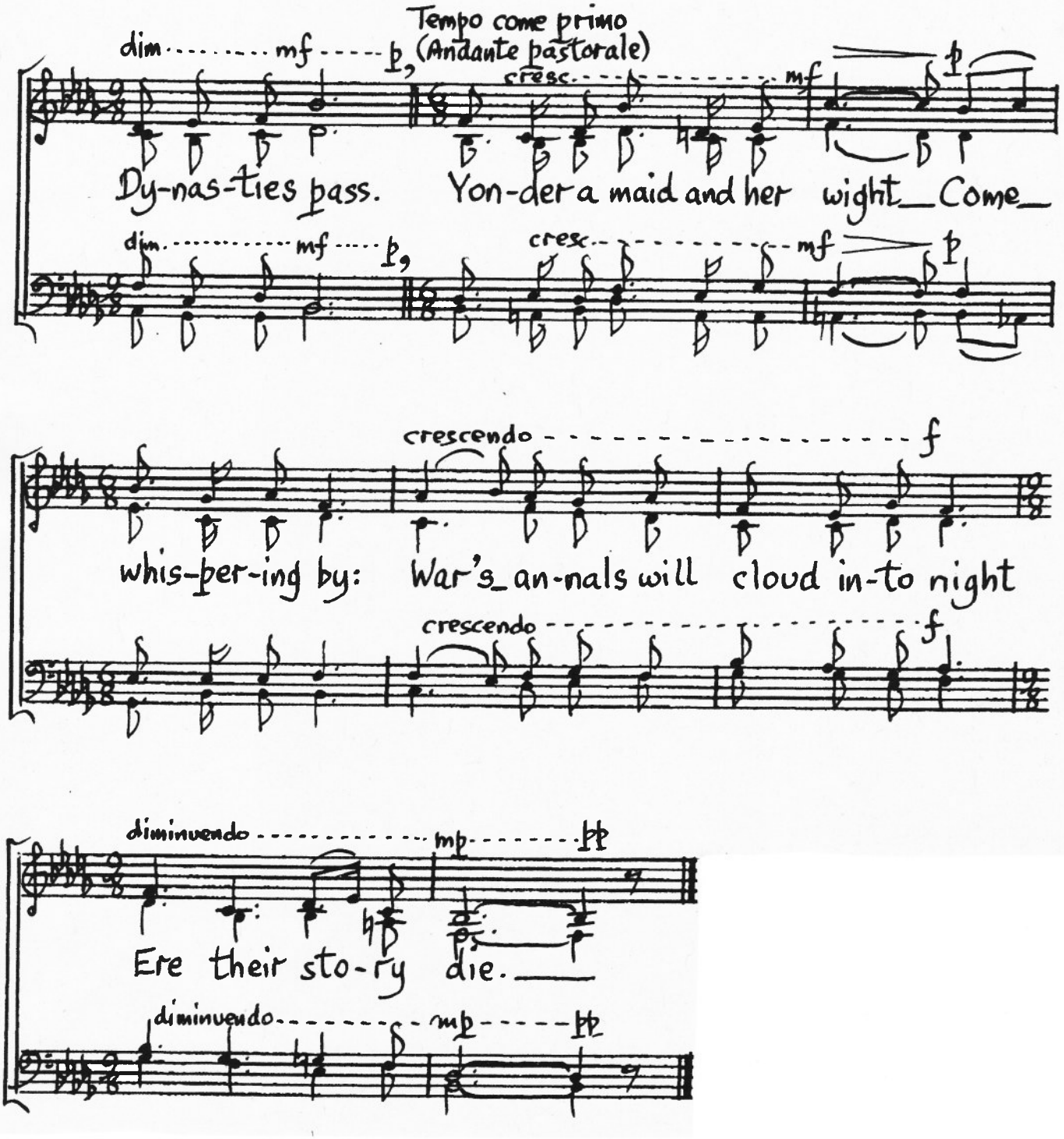
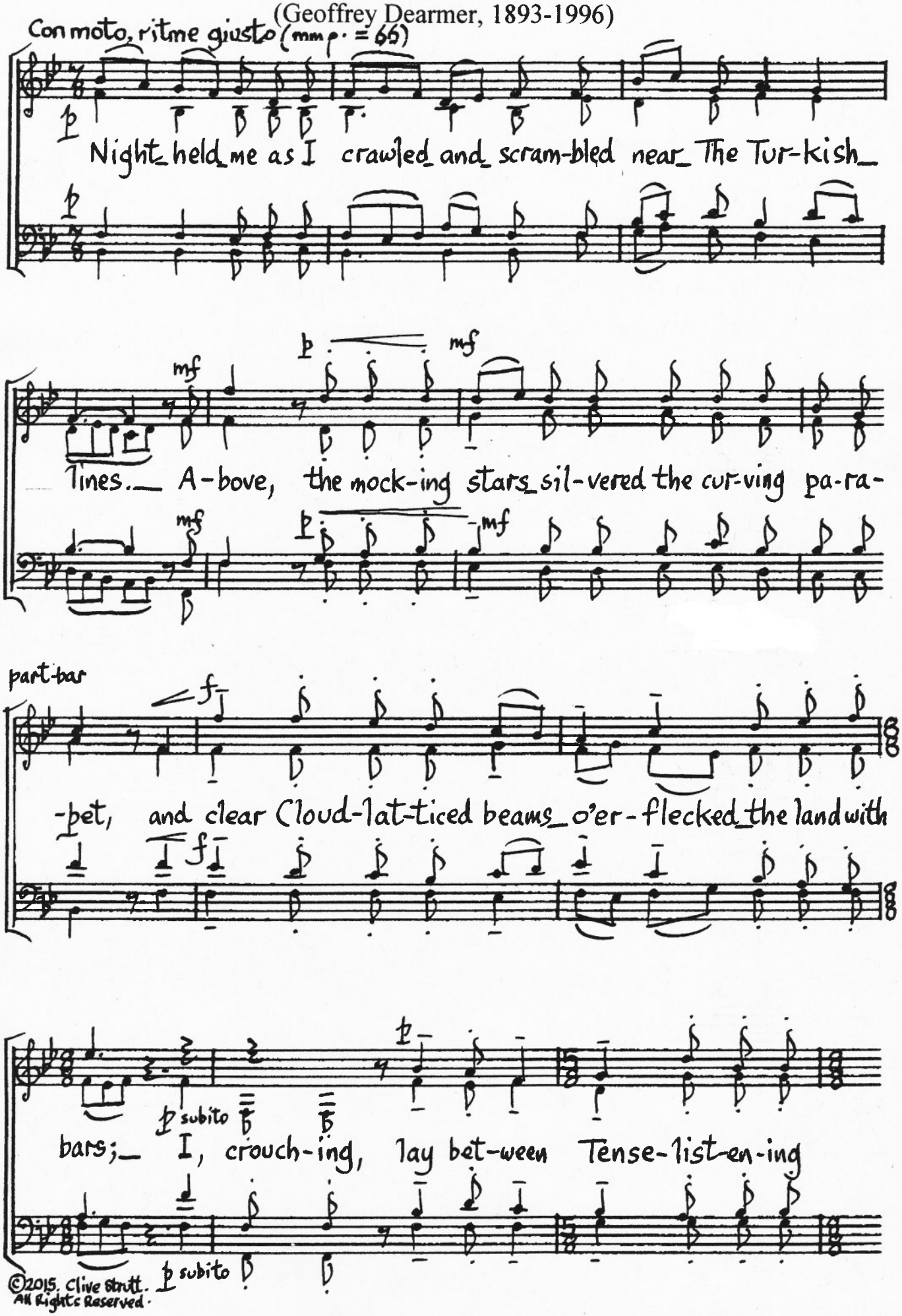

Tempo come primo
(Andante pastorale)
dim
mf
p
cresc
mf
p
Dy-nas-ties pass.
Yon-der a maid and her wight Come
dim
mf
p
cresc
mf
p
crescendo
f
whis-per-ing by:
War's an-nals will cloud in-to night
crescendo
f
diminuendo
mp
pp
Ere their sto-ry die.
diminuendo
mp
pp

4. SECOND NOCTURNE: "The Turkish Trench-Dog"

(Geoffrey Dearmer, 1893-1996)

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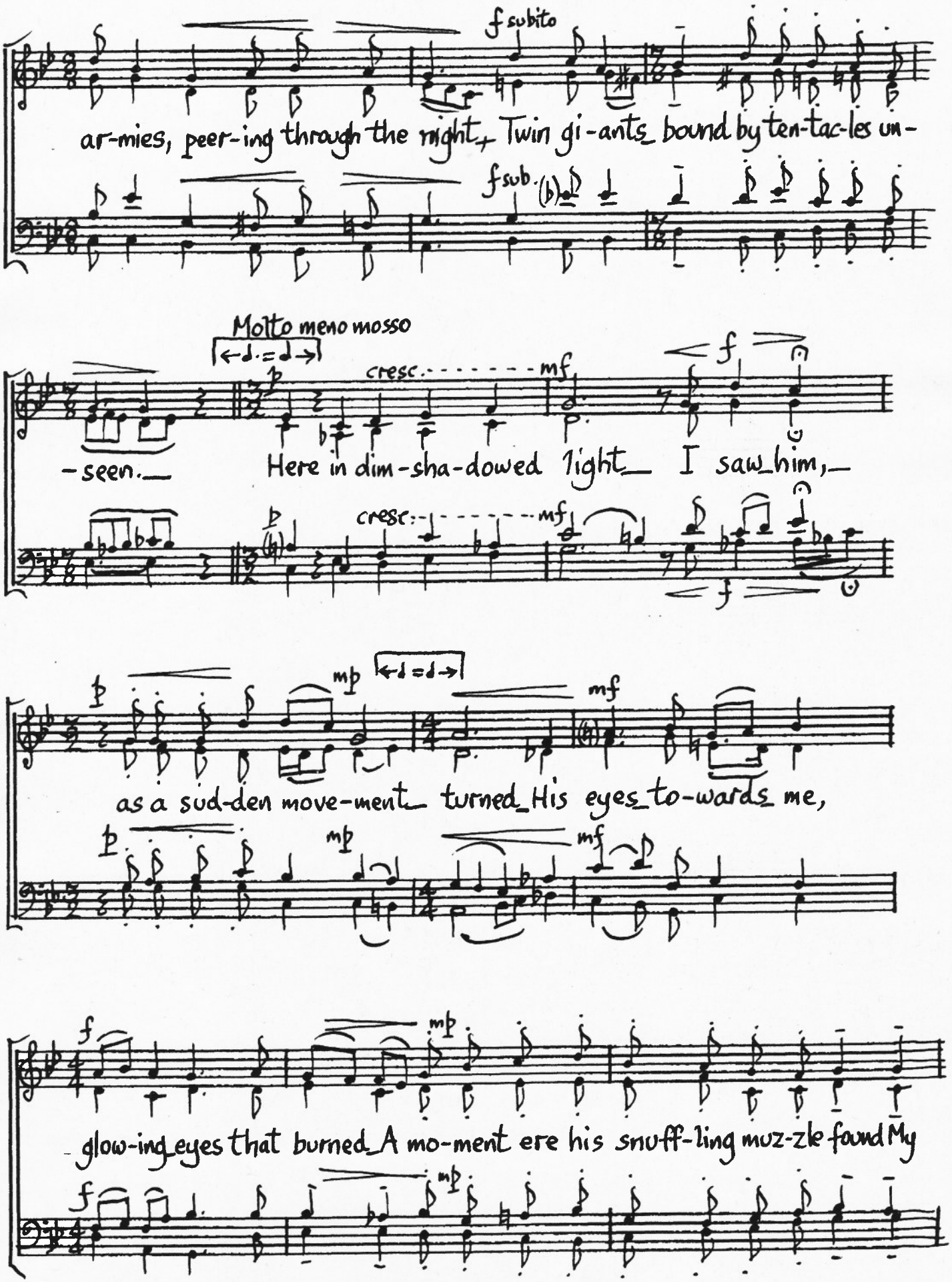
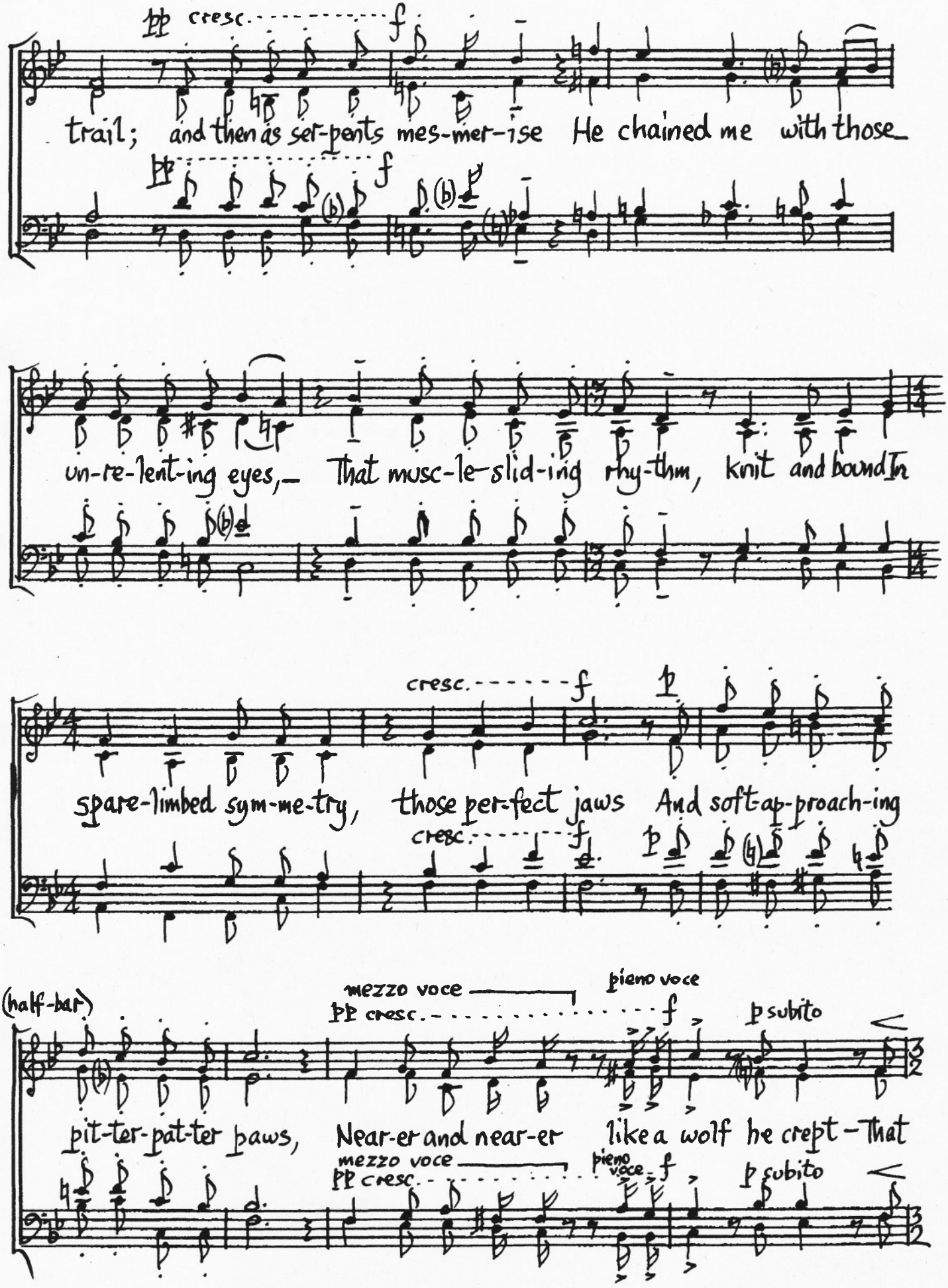
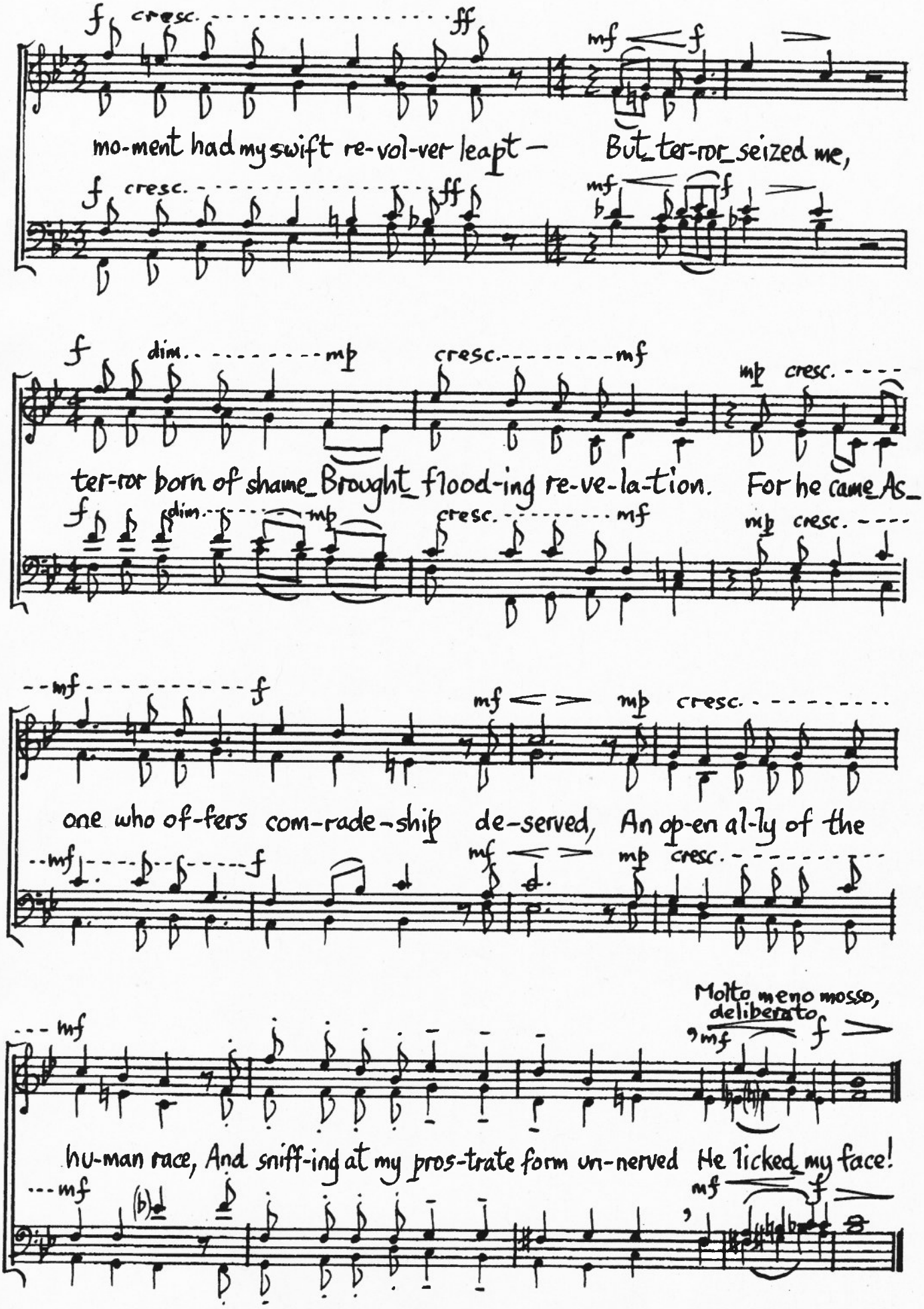
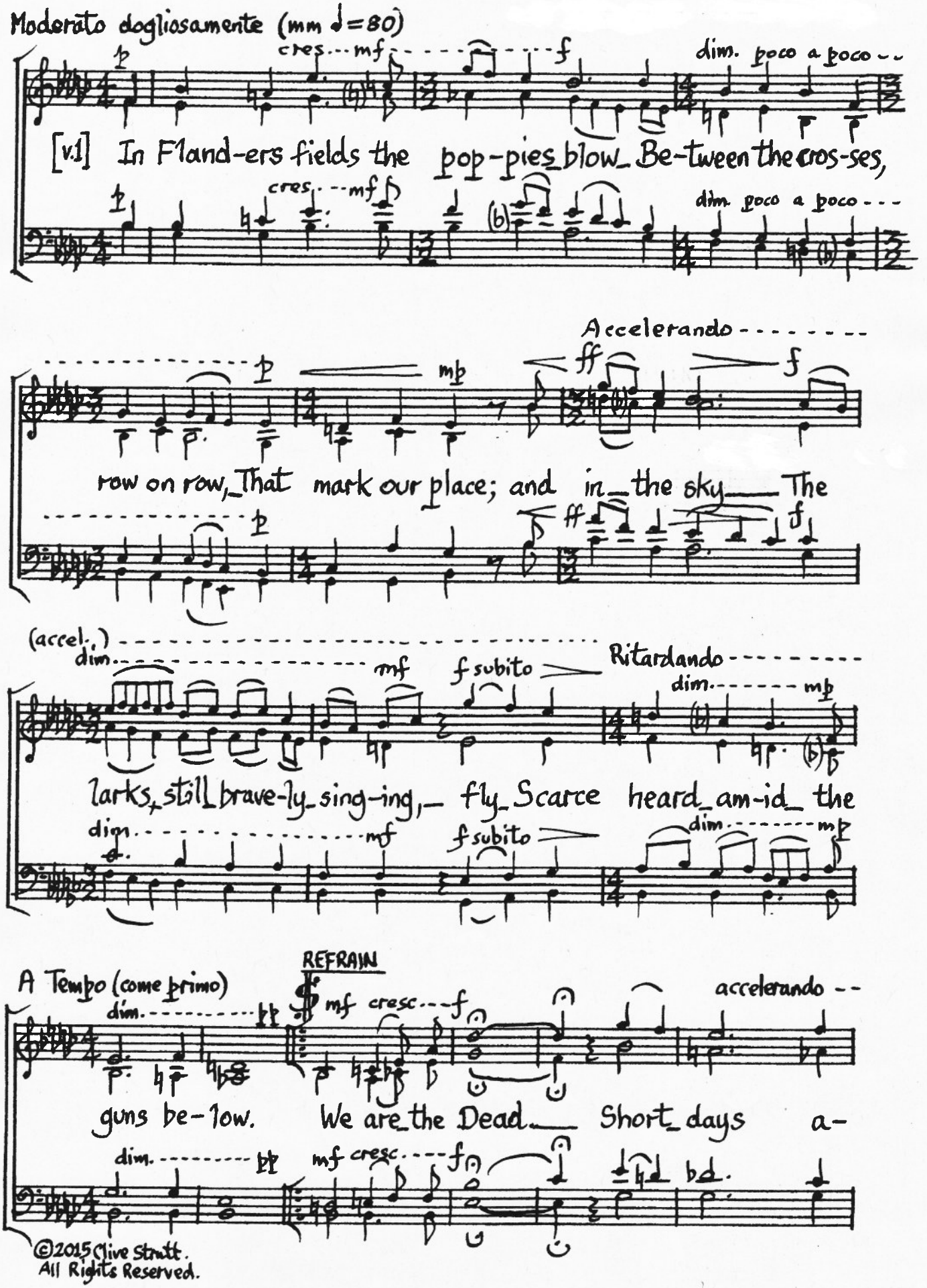

f subito
ar-mies, peer-ing through the night, Twin gi-ants bound by ten-tac-les un-
fsub.
Molto meno mosso
cresc.
mf
f
-seen.
Here in dim-sha-dowed light I saw him,
cresc.
mf
f
mp
mf
as a sud-den move-ment turned His eyes to-wards me,
p
mp
mf
f
mp
glow-ing eyes that burned A mo-ment ere his snuff-ling muz-zle found My
f
mp


pp cresc. f
trail; and then as ser-pents mes-mer-ise He chained me with those
pp f
un-re-lent-ing eyes, That musc-le-slid-ing rhy-thm, knit and bound In
cresc. f p
spare-limbed sym-me-try, those per-fect jaws And soft-ap-proach-ing
cresc. f p
(half-bar)
mezzo voce
pp cresc. pieno voce f p subito
pit-ter-pat-ter paws, Near-er and near-er like a wolf he crept - That
mezzo voce
pp cresc. pieno voce f p subito


f cresc. ff
mf f
mo-ment had my swift re-vol-ver leapt — But ter-ror seized me,
f cresc. ff
mf f
f dim. mp cresc. mf
mp cresc.
ter-ror born of shame Brought flood-ing re-ve-la-tion. For he came As
f dim. mp cresc. mf
mp cresc.
mf f
mf mp cresc.
one who of-fers com-rade-ship de-served, An op-en al-ly of the
mf f
mf mp cresc.
mf
Molto meno mosso, deliberato
mf f
hu-man race, And sniff-ing at my pros-trate form un-nerved He licked my face!
mf
mf f

5. "In Flanders Fields" (John McRae, 1872-1918)

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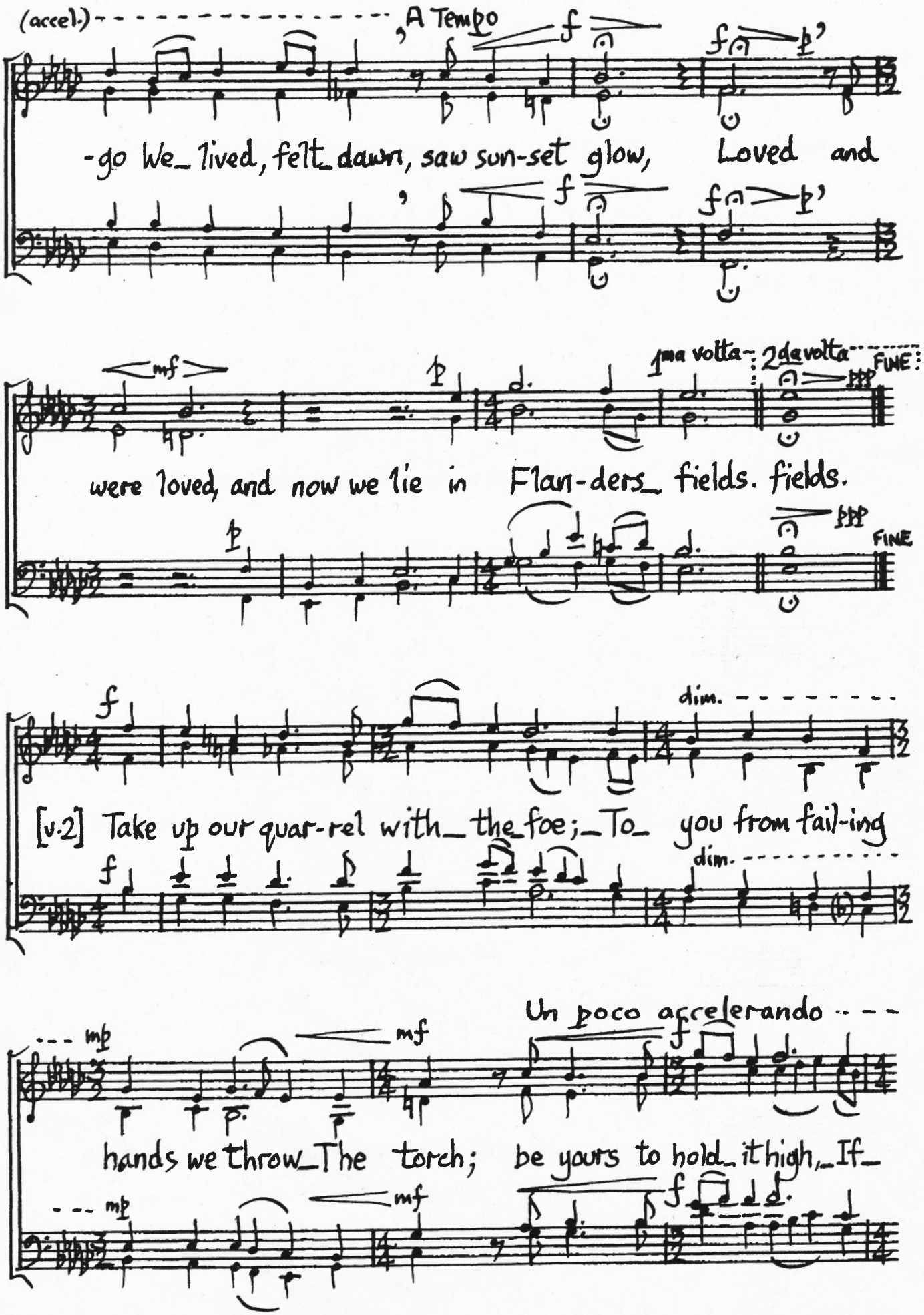
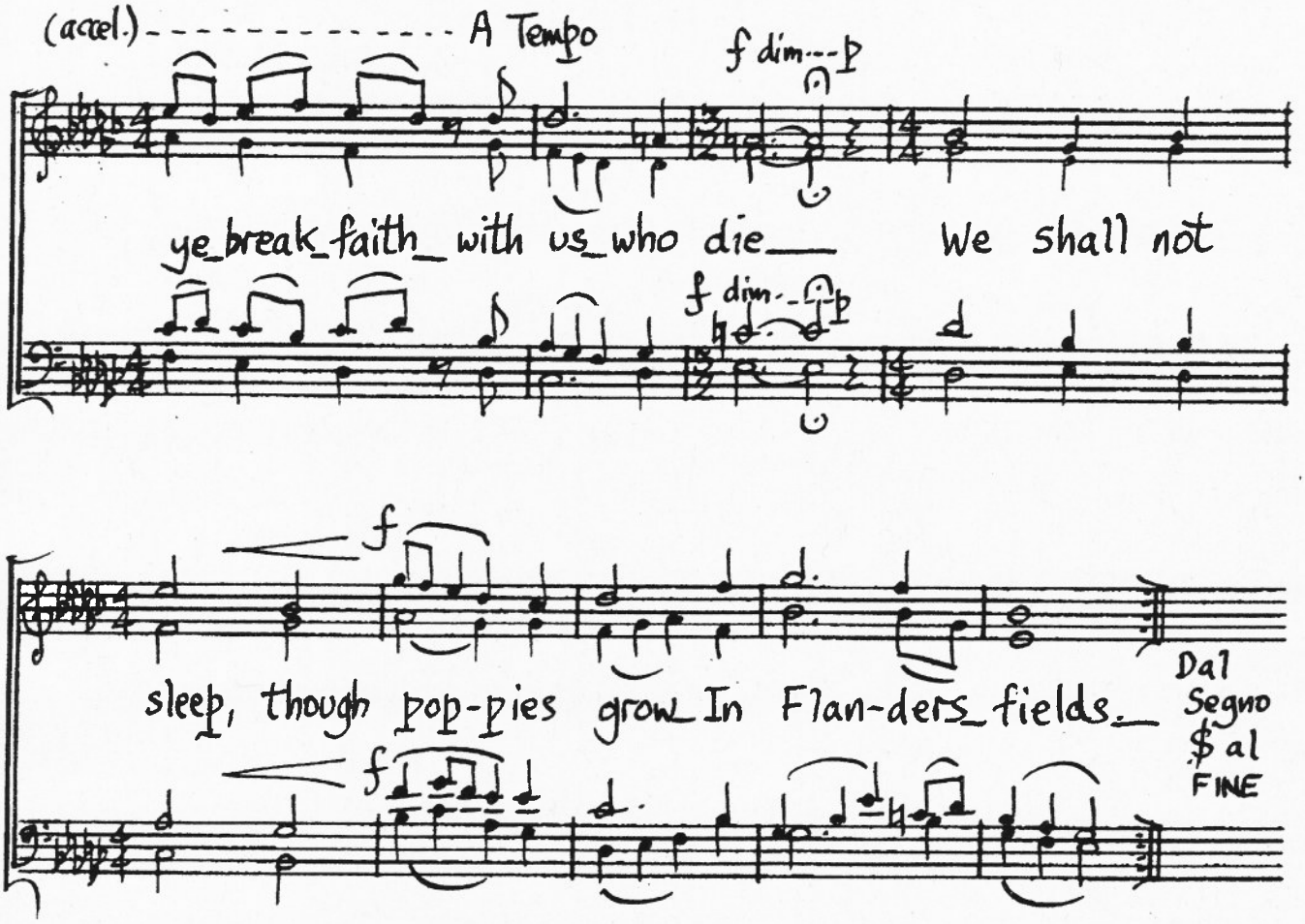
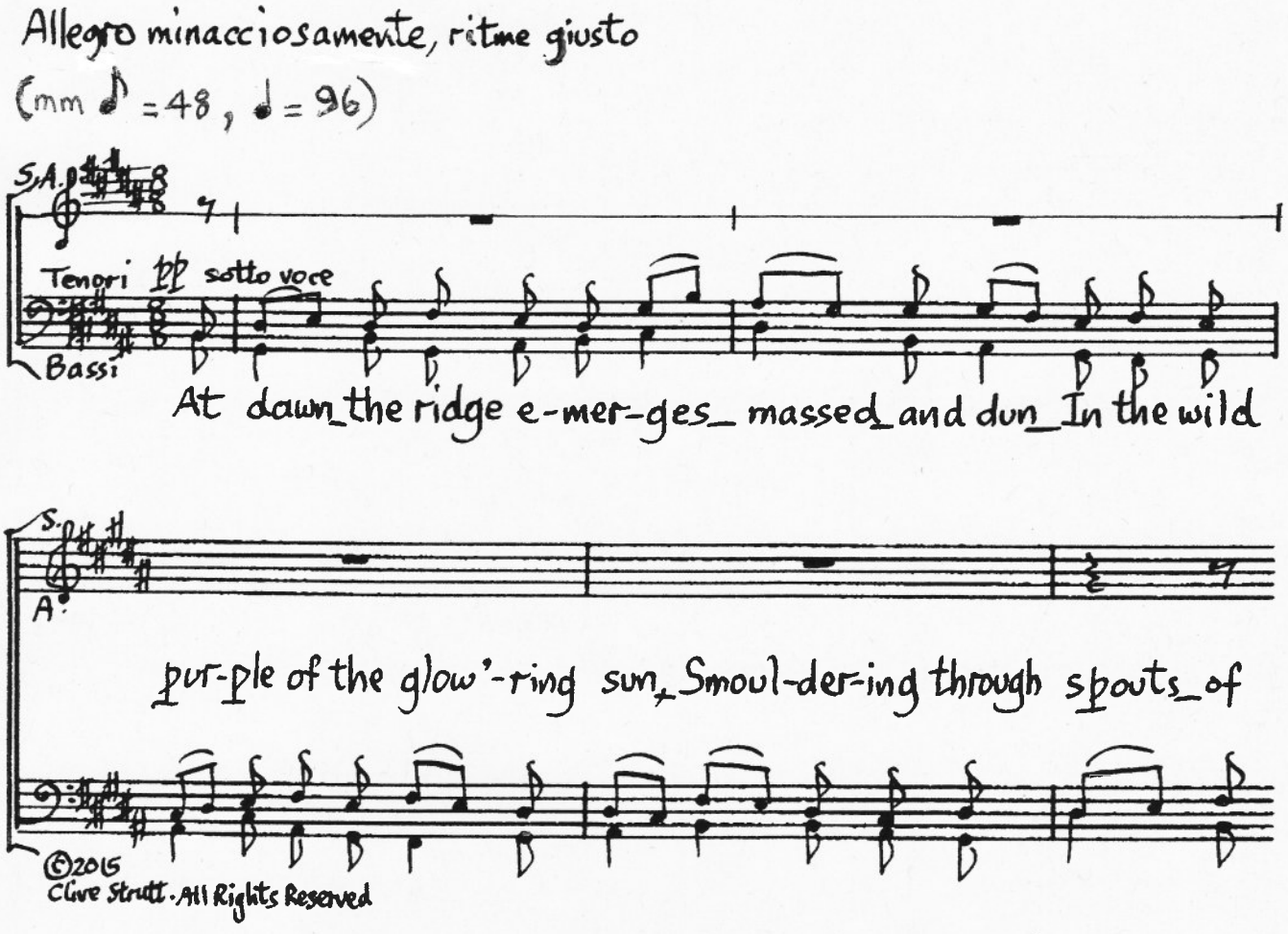

(accel.)
A Tempo
-go We_ lived, felt_ dawn, saw sun-set glow, Loved and
were loved, and now we lie in Flan-ders_ fields. fields.
1ma volta
2da volta
FINE
[v.2] Take up our quar-rel with_ the_foe;_ To_ you from fail-ing
dim.
Un poco accelerando
hands we throw_ The torch; be yours to hold_ it high,_ If_




6. "Attack" (Siegfried Sassoon, 1886-1967)

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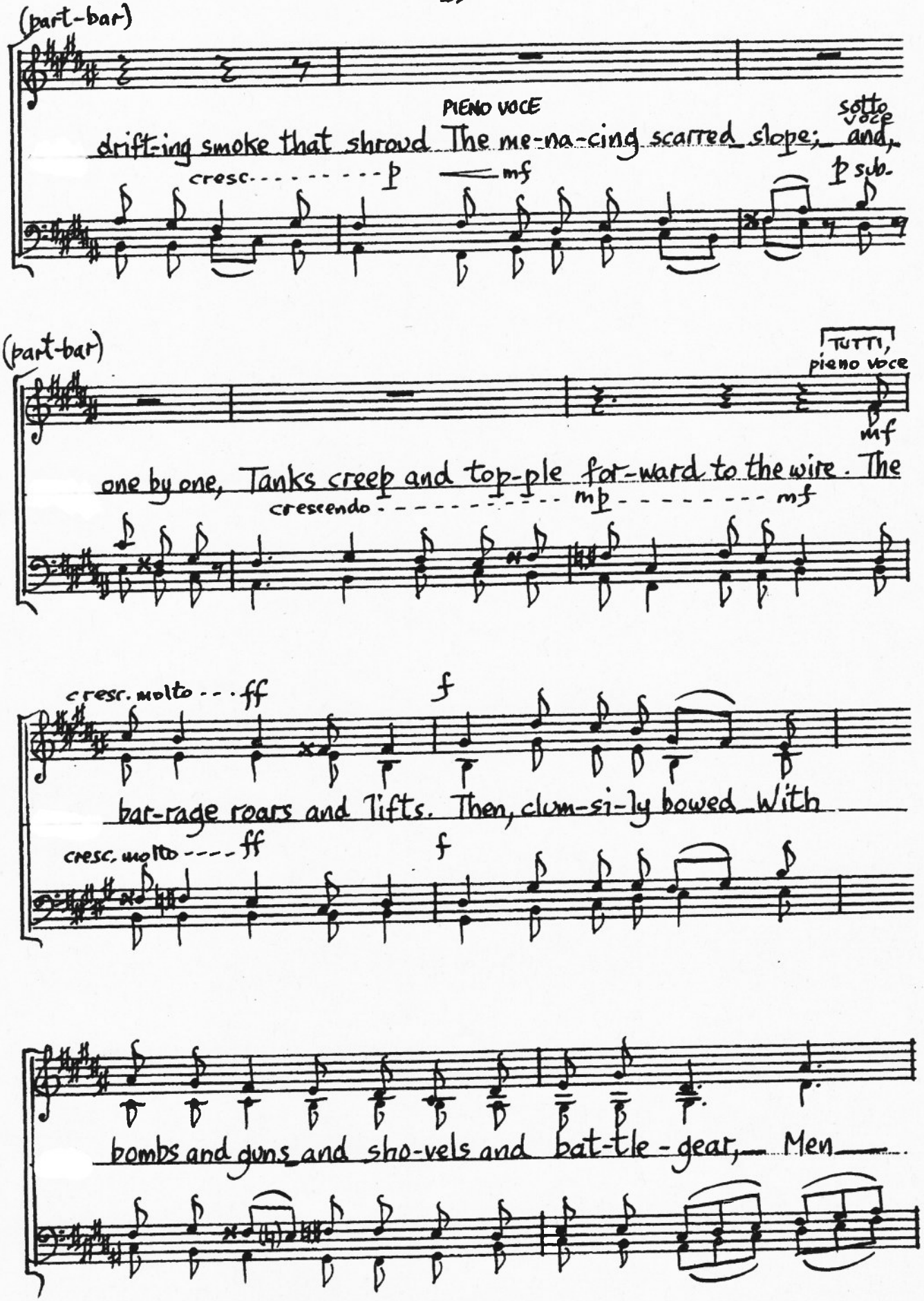
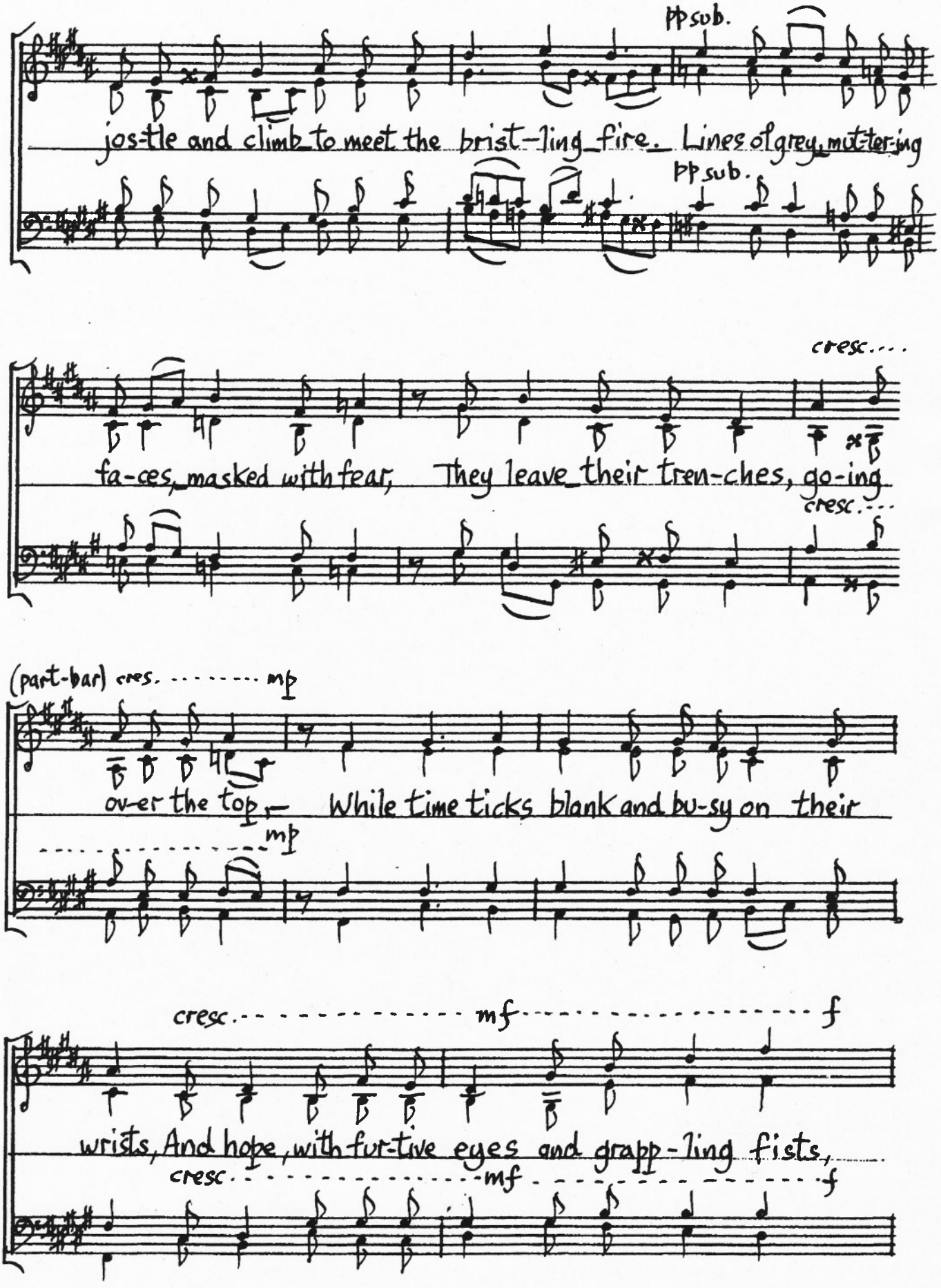
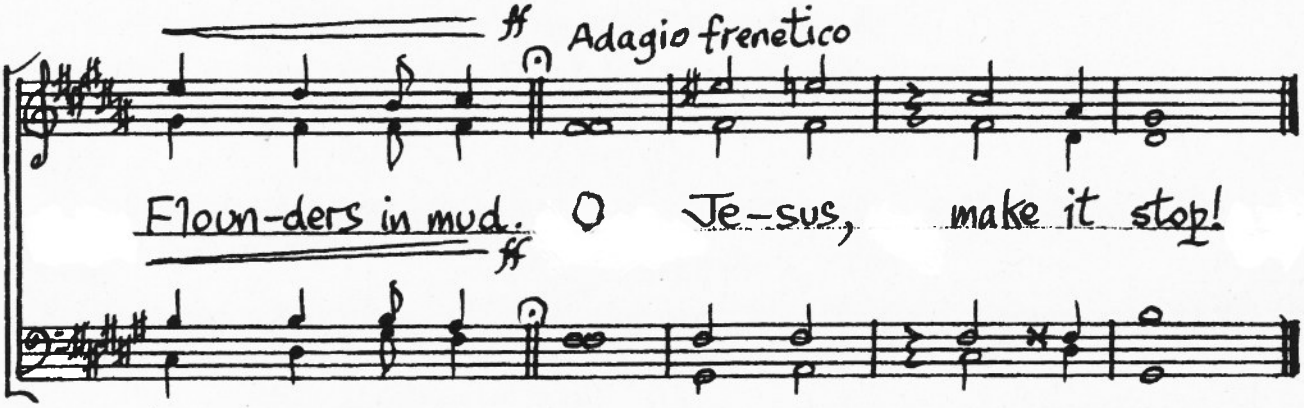
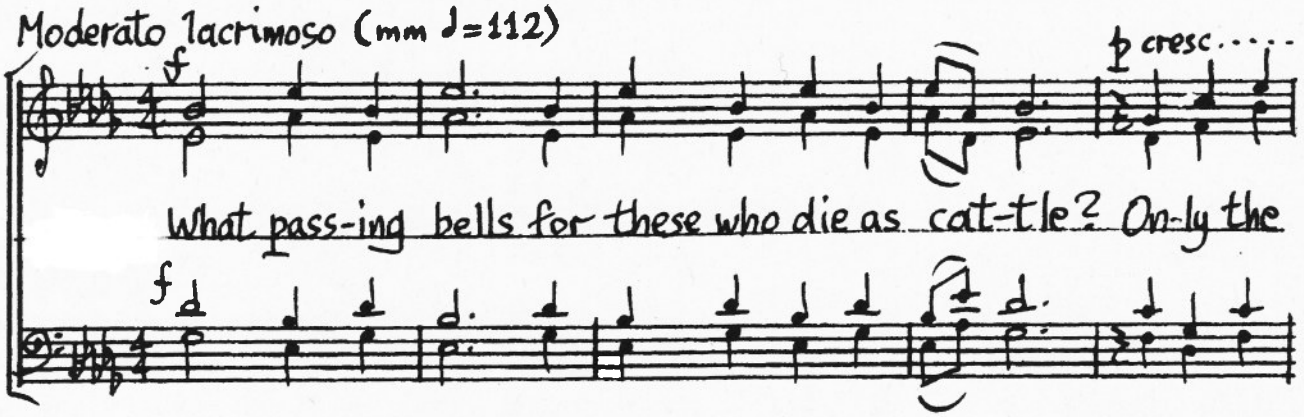
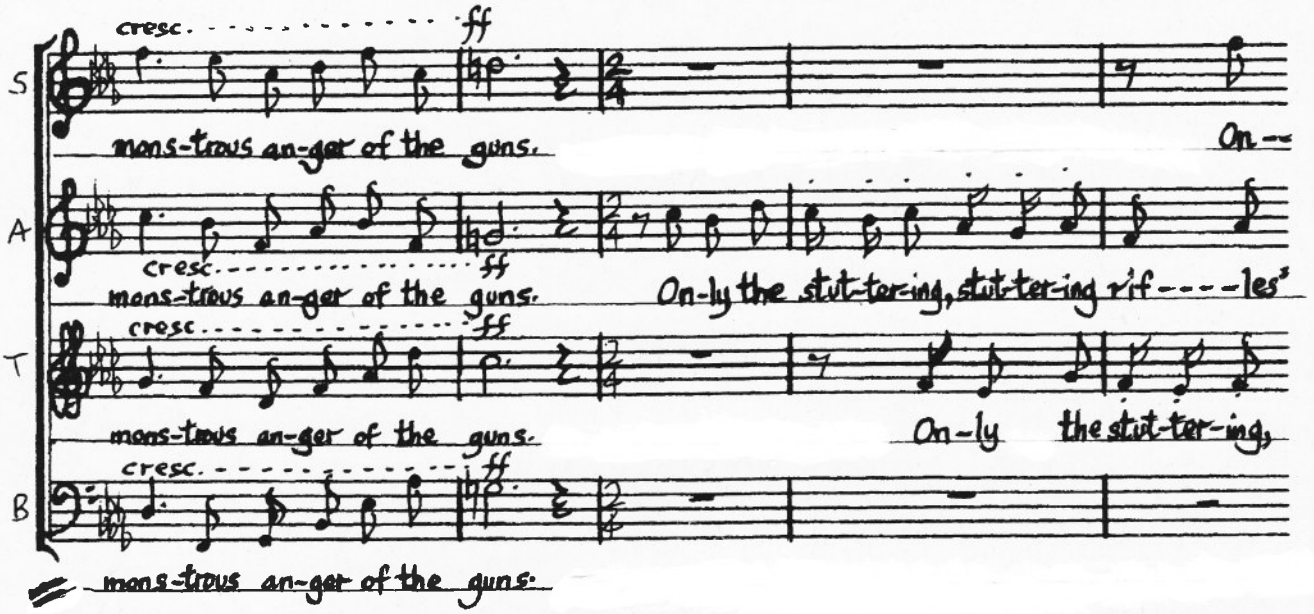

(part-bar)
PIENO VOCE
sotto voce
drift-ing smoke that shroud The me-na-cing scarred slope; and,
cresc. p mf p sub.
(part-bar)
TUTTI, pieno voce
mf
one by one, Tanks creep and top-ple for-ward to the wire. The
crescendo mp mf
cresc. molto ff
f
bar-rage roars and lifts. Then, clum-si-ly bowed With
cresc. molto ff
f
bombs and guns and sho-vels and bat-tle-gear, Men


pp sub.
jos-tle and climb to meet the bris-ling fire. Lines of grey, mut-ter-ing
pp sub.
cresc....
fa-ces, masked with fear, They leave their tren-ches, go-ing
cresc....
(part-bar) cres. ..... mp
over the top. While time ticks blank and bu-sy on their
mp
cresc. ..... mf ..... f
wrists, And hope, with fur-tive eyes and grapp-ling fists,
cresc ..... mf ..... f




7. "Anthem for Doomed Youth" (Wilfred Owen, 1893-1918)

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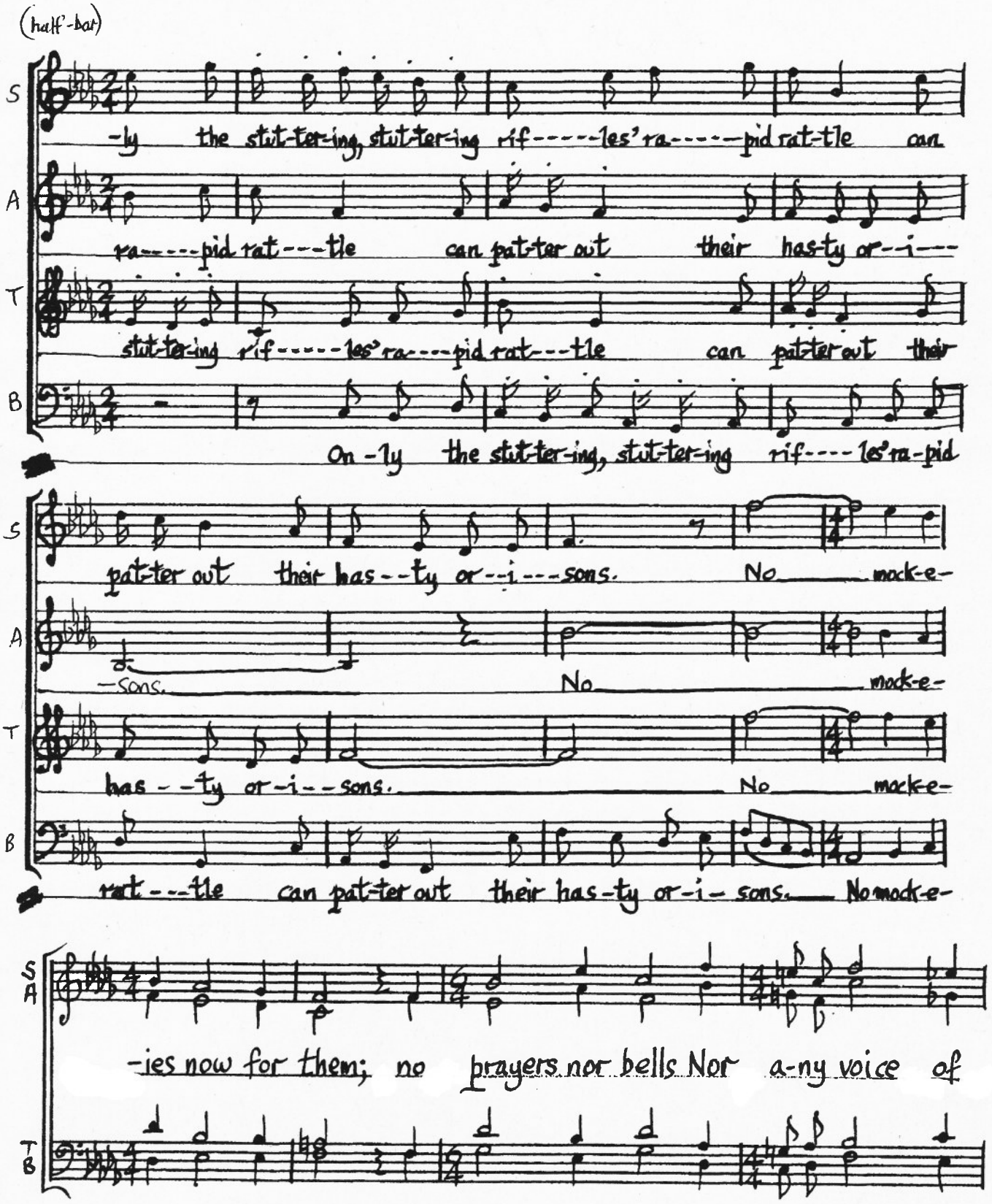
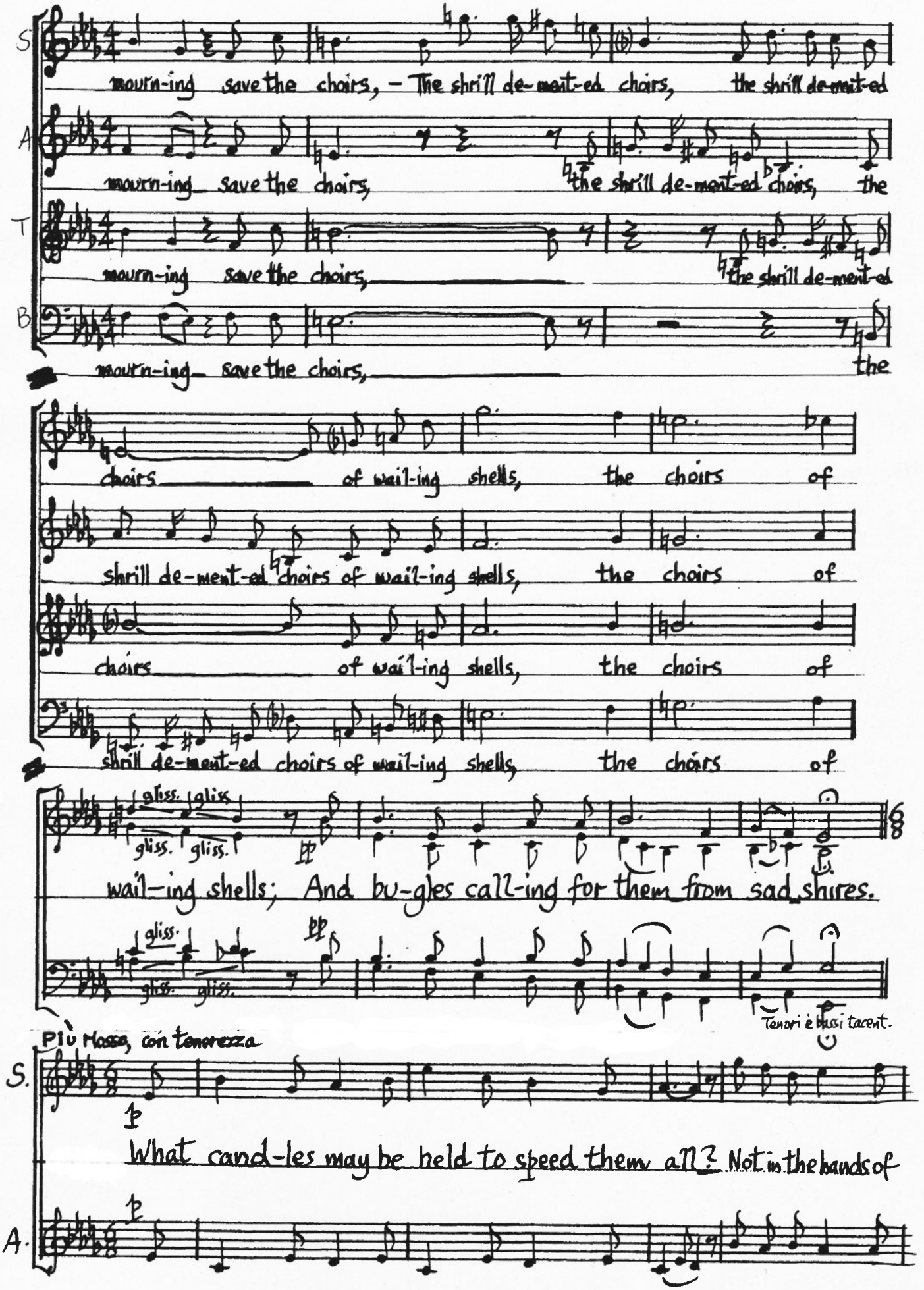
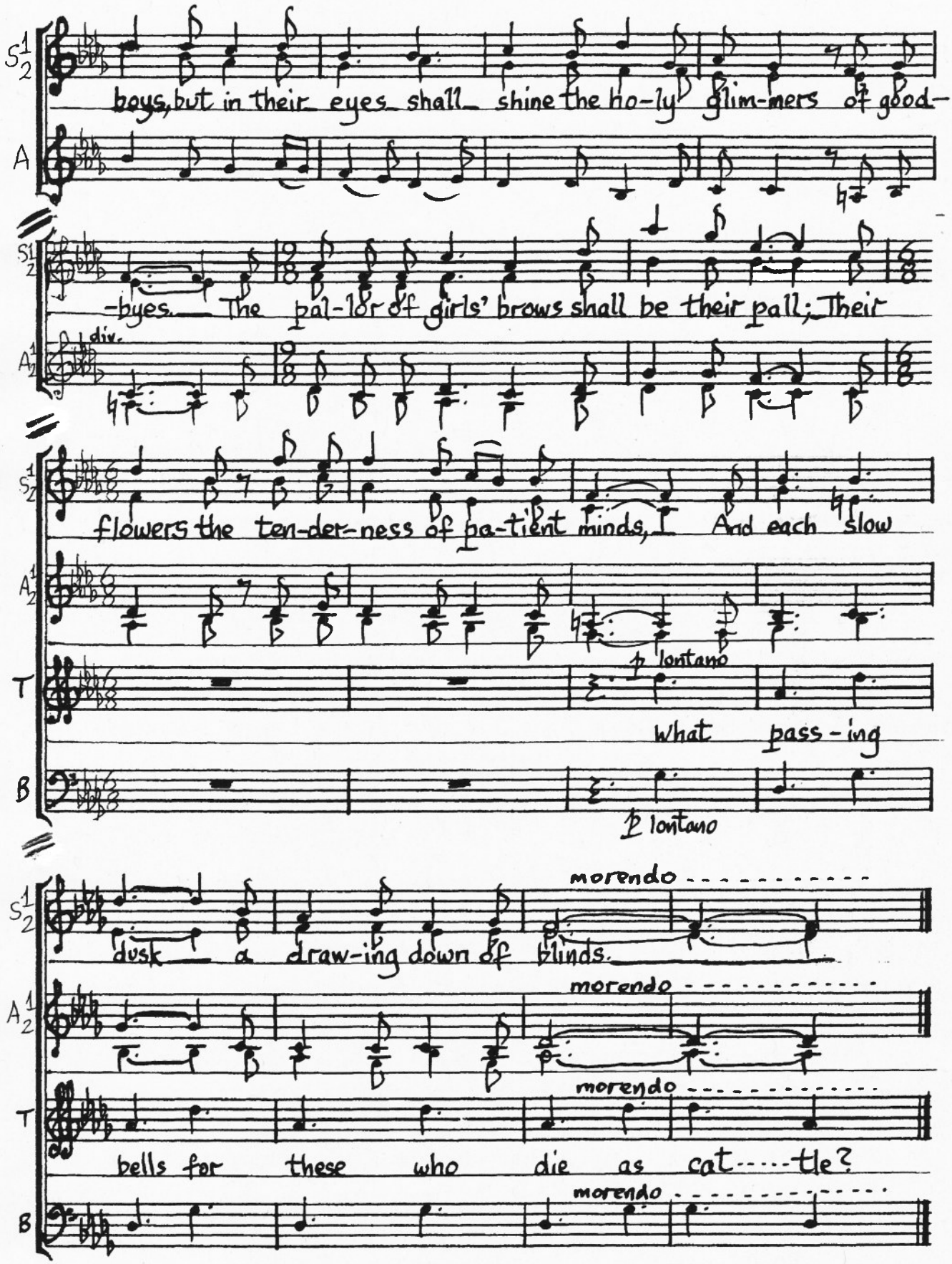
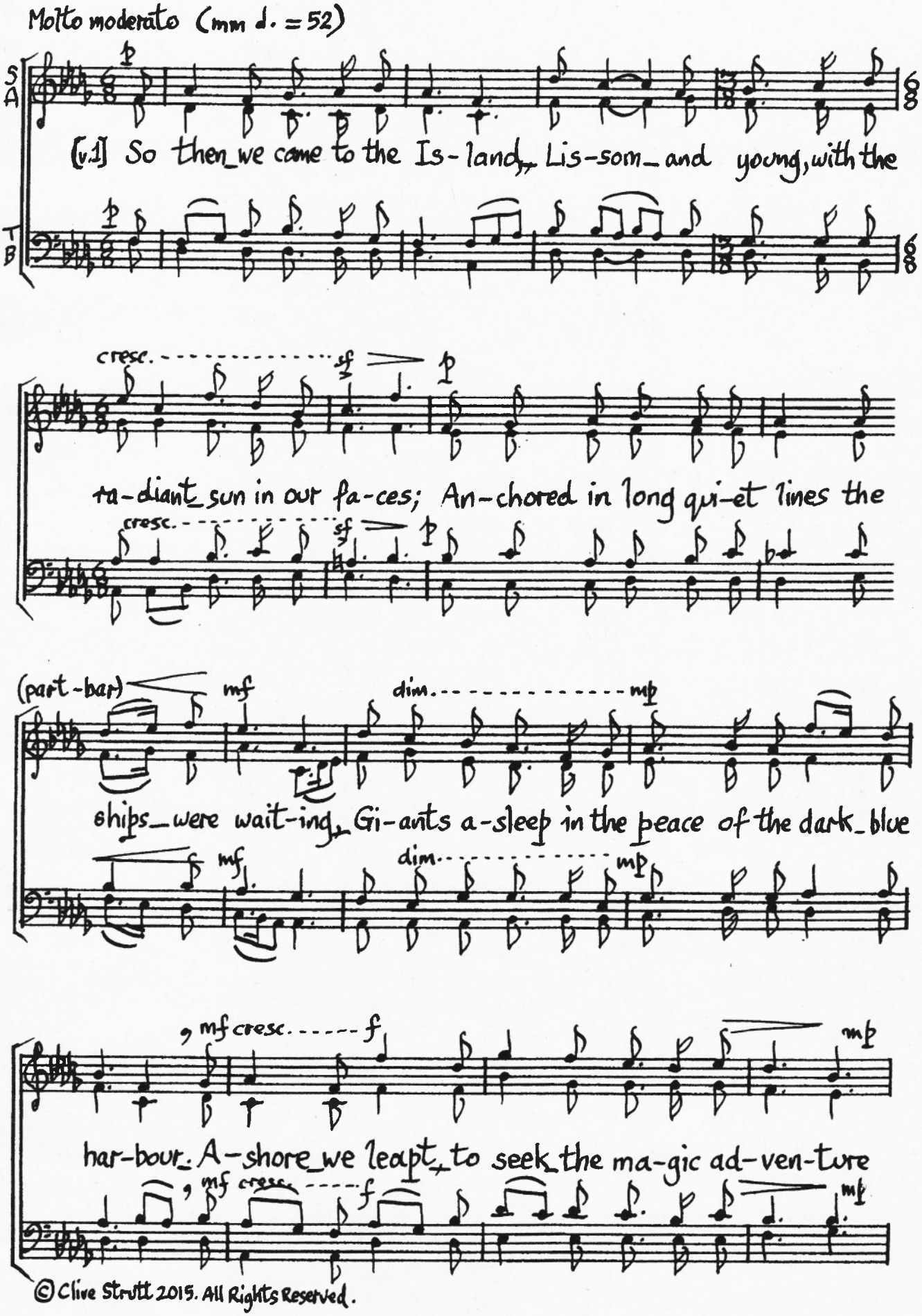

(half-bar)
S
A
T
B
-ly the stut-ter-ing, stut-ter-ing rif-----les' ra-----pid rat-tle can
ra-----pid rat---tle can pat-ter out their has-ty or--i---
stut-ter-ing rif-----les' ra---pid rat---tle can pat-ter out their
On-ly the stut-ter-ing, stut-ter-ing rif----les' ra-pid
pat-ter out their has--ty or--i---sons. No mock-e-
-sons. No mock-e-
has--ty or-i--sons. No mock-e-
rat---tle can pat-ter out their has-ty or-i-sons. No mock-e-
S
A
T
B
-ies now for them; no prayers nor bells Nor a-ny voice of


S
A
T
B
mourn-ing save the choirs, – The shrill de-ment-ed choirs, the shrill de-ment-ed
mourn-ing save the choirs, the shrill de-ment-ed choirs, the
mourn-ing save the choirs, the shrill de-ment-ed
mourn-ing save the choirs, the
choirs of wail-ing shells, the choirs of
shrill de-ment-ed choirs of wail-ing shells, the choirs of
choirs of wail-ing shells, the choirs of
shrill de-ment-ed choirs of wail-ing shells, the choirs of
gliss. gliss.
gliss. gliss.
wail-ing shells; And bu-gles call-ing for them from sad shires.
gliss.
gliss. gliss.
Tenori e bassi tacent.
Più Mosso, con tenerezza
S.
What cand-les may be held to speed them all? Not in the hands of
A.


S 1 2
A
boys, but in their eyes shall shine the ho-ly glim-mers of good-
S 1 2
-byes. The pal-lor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their
A 1 2
div.
S 1 2
flowers the ten-der-ness of pa-tient minds, And each slow
A 1 2
lontano
T
What pass-ing
B
lontano
S 1 2
morendo
dusk a draw-ing down of blinds.
A 1 2
morendo
T
morendo
bells for these who die as cat-----tle?
B
morendo

8. "We Shall Come No More" (Vera Brittain, 1893-1970)

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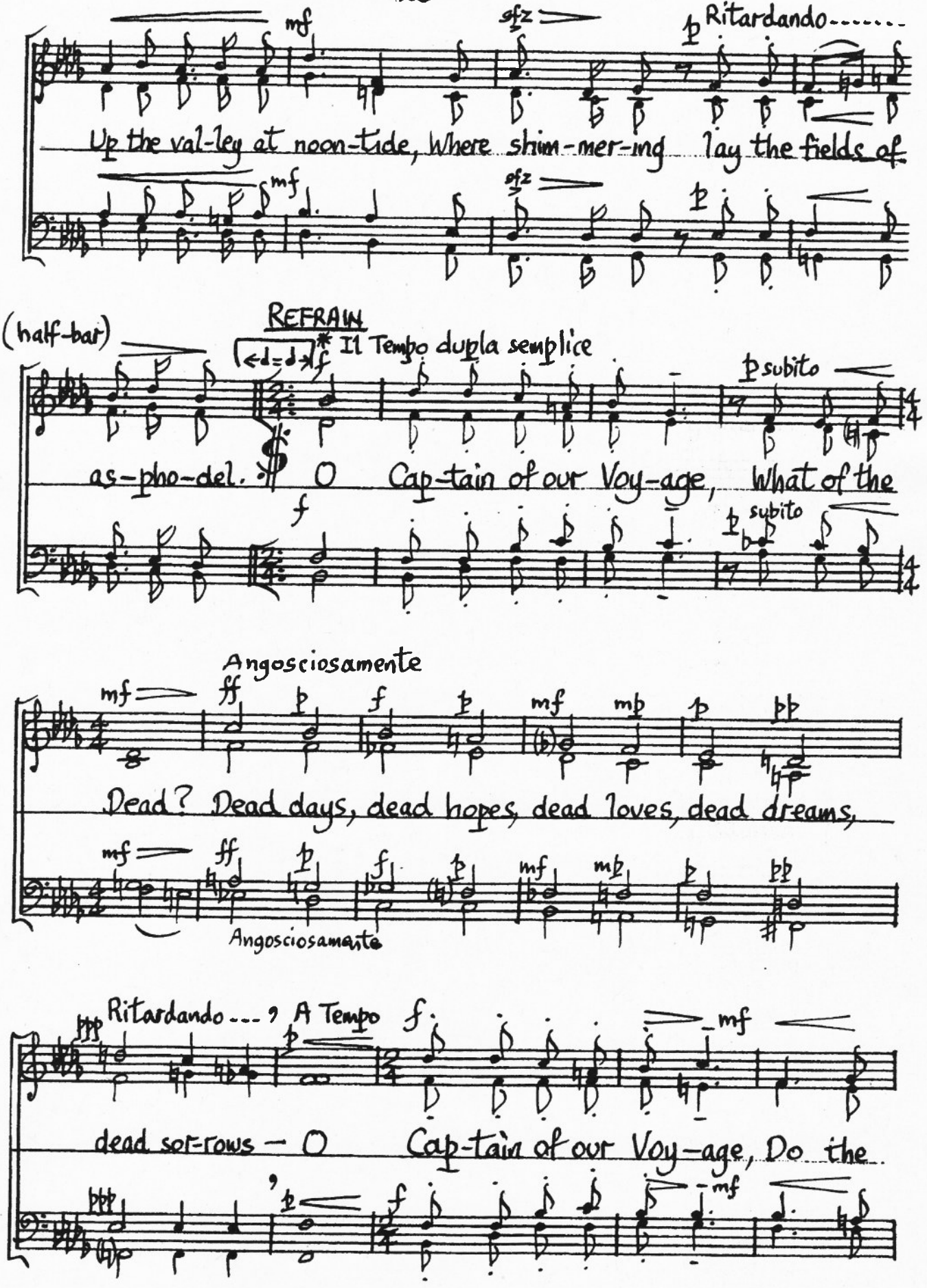
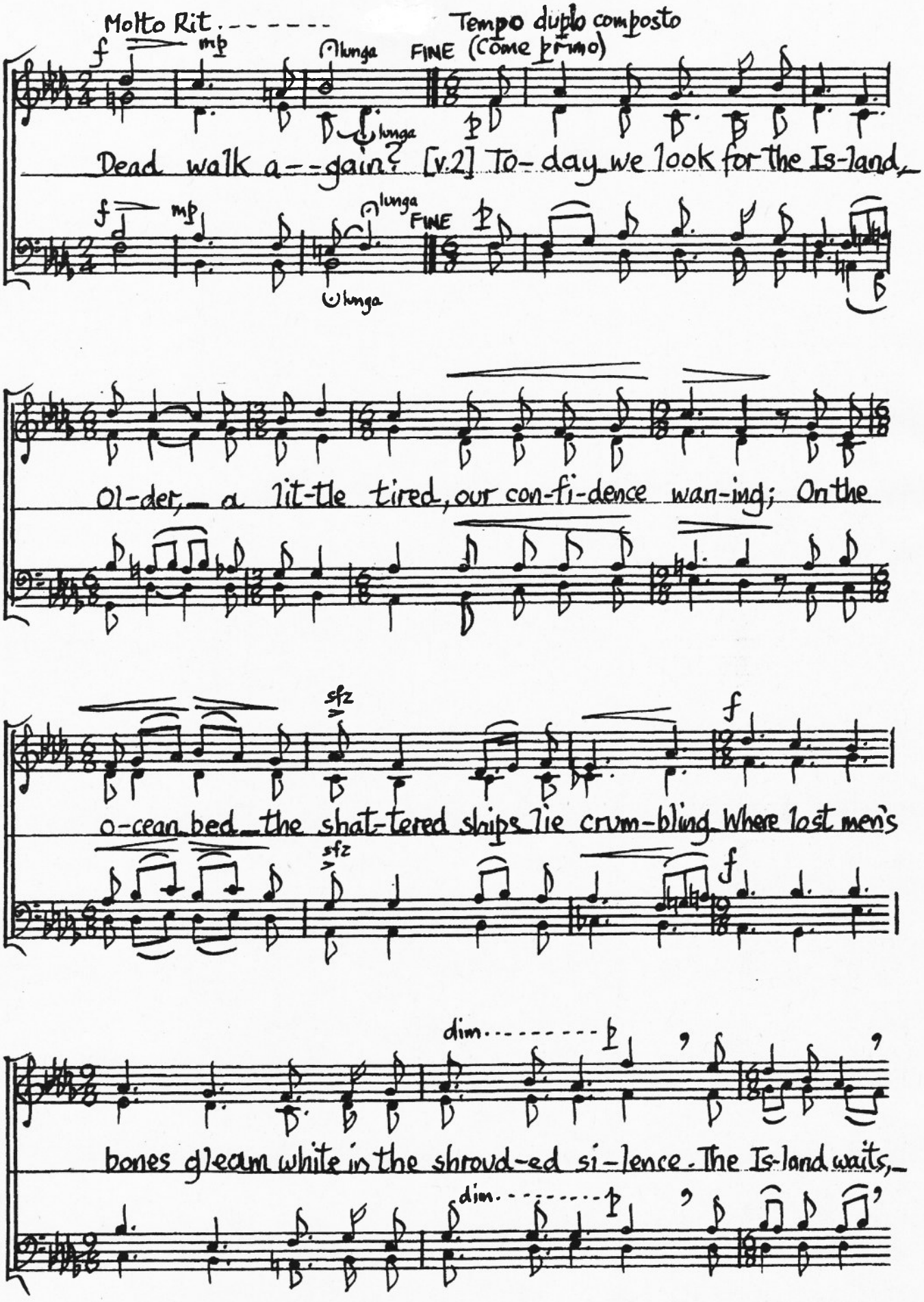
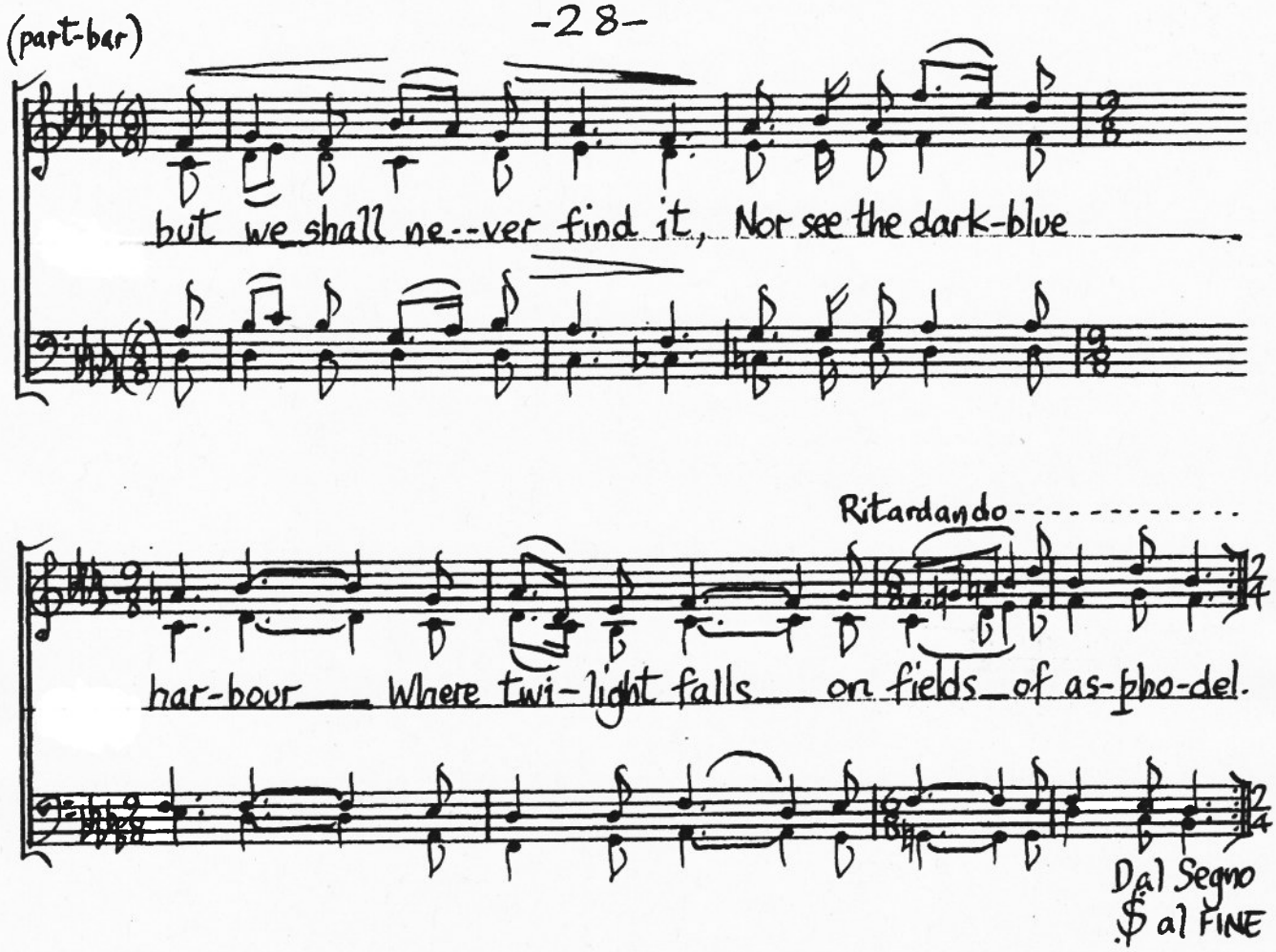
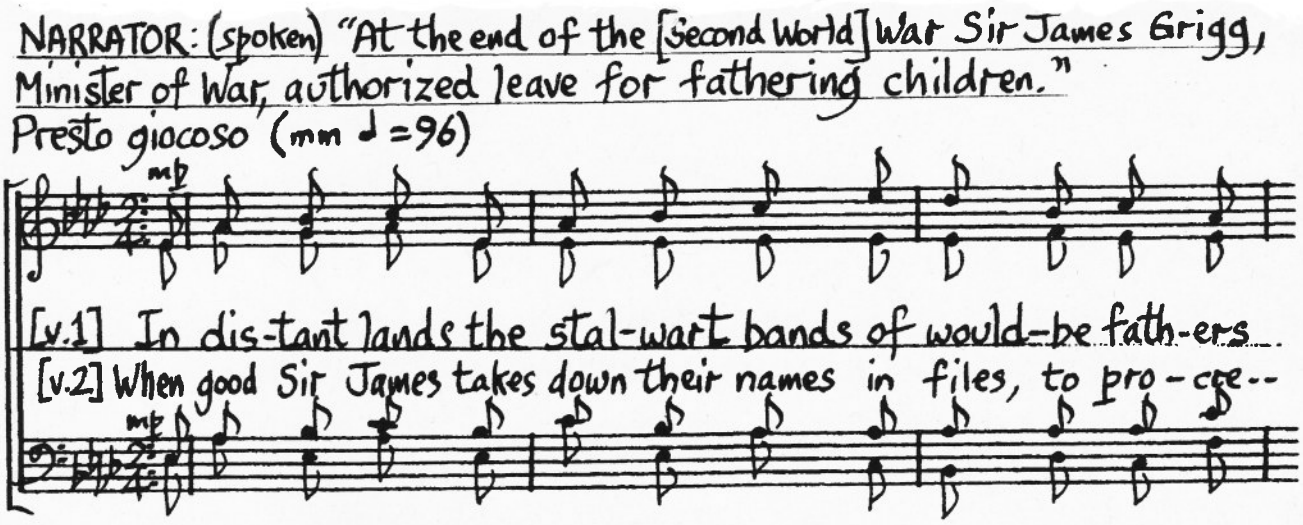

mf
sfz
p Ritardando.....
Up the val-ley at noon-tide, Where shim-mer-ing lay the fields of
mf
sfz
p
(half-bar)
REFRAIN
* Il Tempo dupla semplice
f
p subito
as-pho-del. O Cap-tain of our Voy-age, What of the
f
p subito
Angosciosamente
mf
ff
p
f
p
mf
mp
p
pp
Dead? Dead days, dead hopes, dead loves, dead dreams,
mf
ff
p
f
p
mf
mp
p
pp
Angosciosamente
ppp
Ritardando ... ? A Tempo
p
f
mf
dead sor-rows — O Cap-tain of our Voy-age, Do the
ppp
p
f
mf

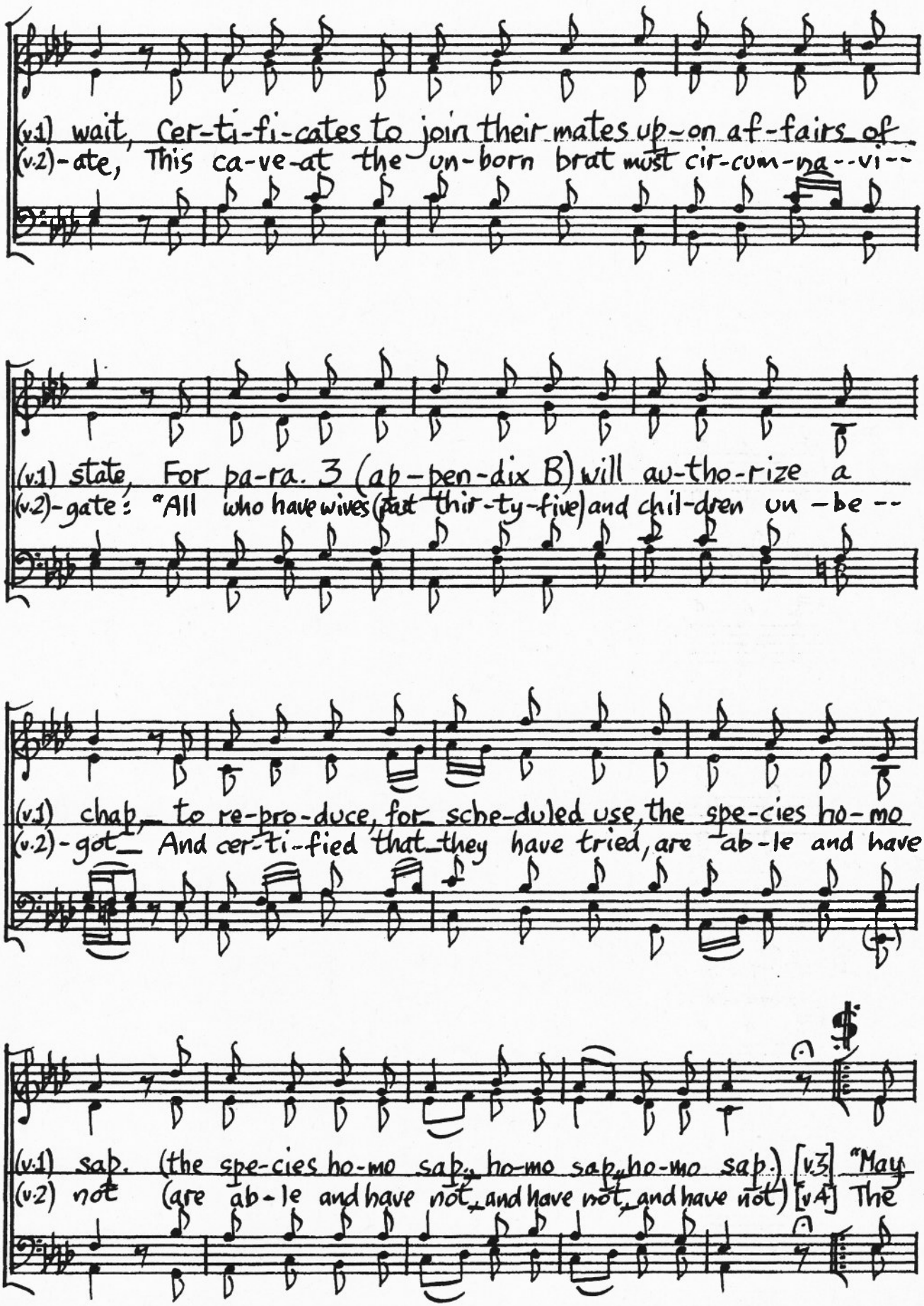
* i.e. NOT ←d.=d→|

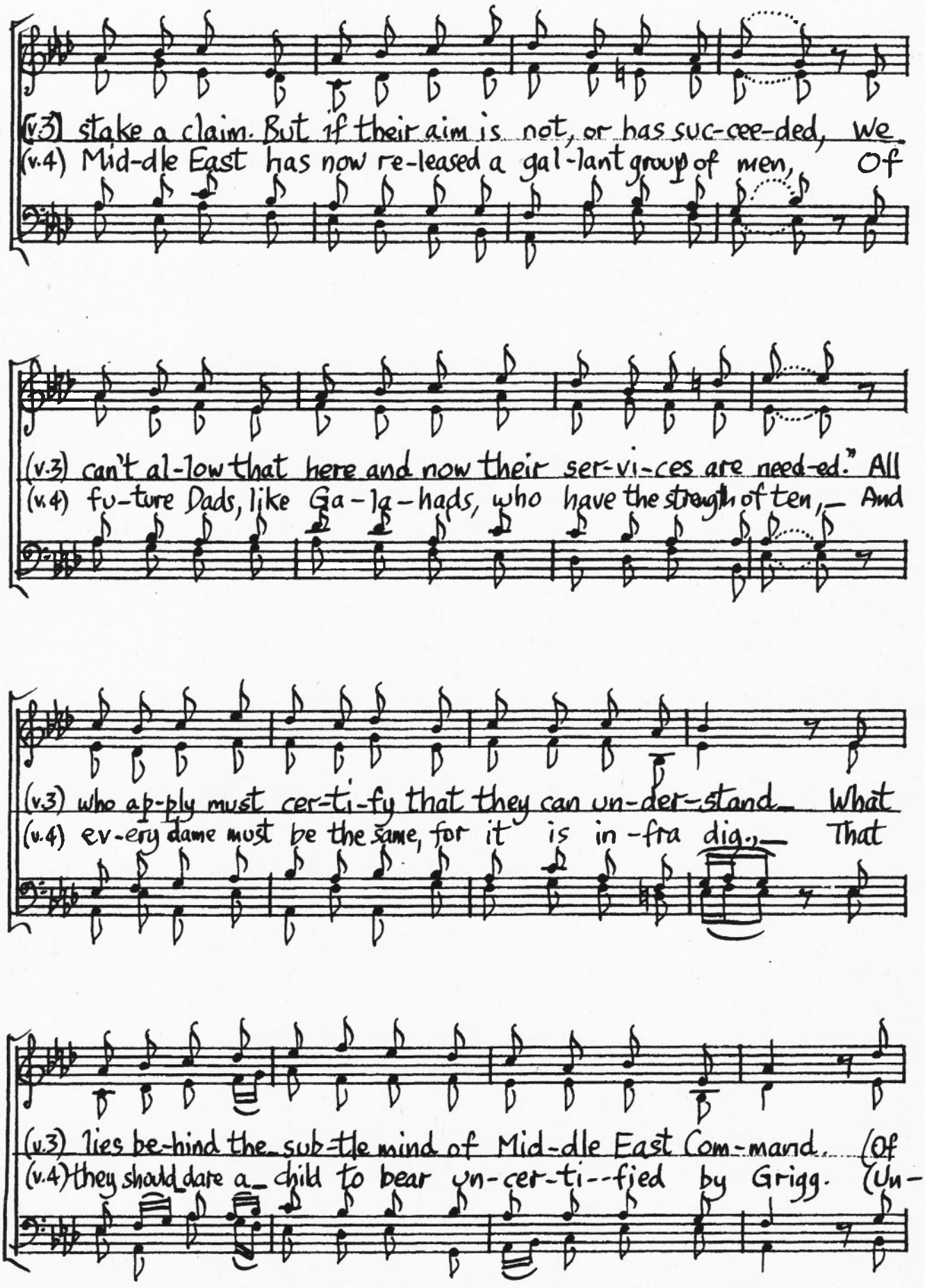

Molto Rit.
Tempo doppio composto
f
mp
lunga
FINE (come primo)
Dead walk a--gain? [v.2] To-day we look for the Is-land,
Ol-der, a lit-tle tired, our con-fi-dence wan-ing; On the
sfz
f
o-cean bed the shat-tered ships lie crum-bling Where lost men's
dim.
p
bones gleam white in the shroud-ed si-lence. The Is-land waits,

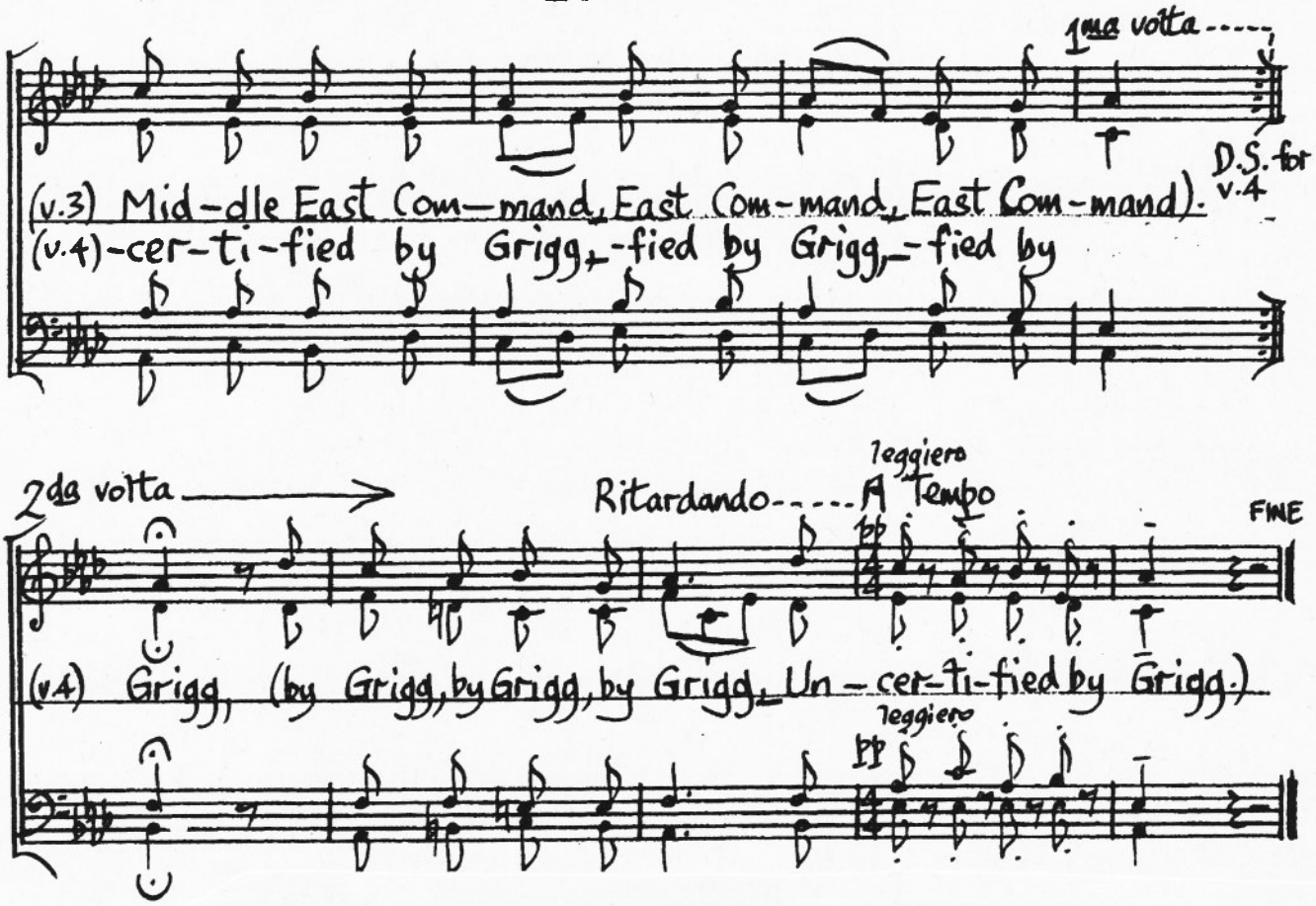



9. SCHERZO: "Leave, Compassionate, Children, Production, for the use of" (ANON., 1945)



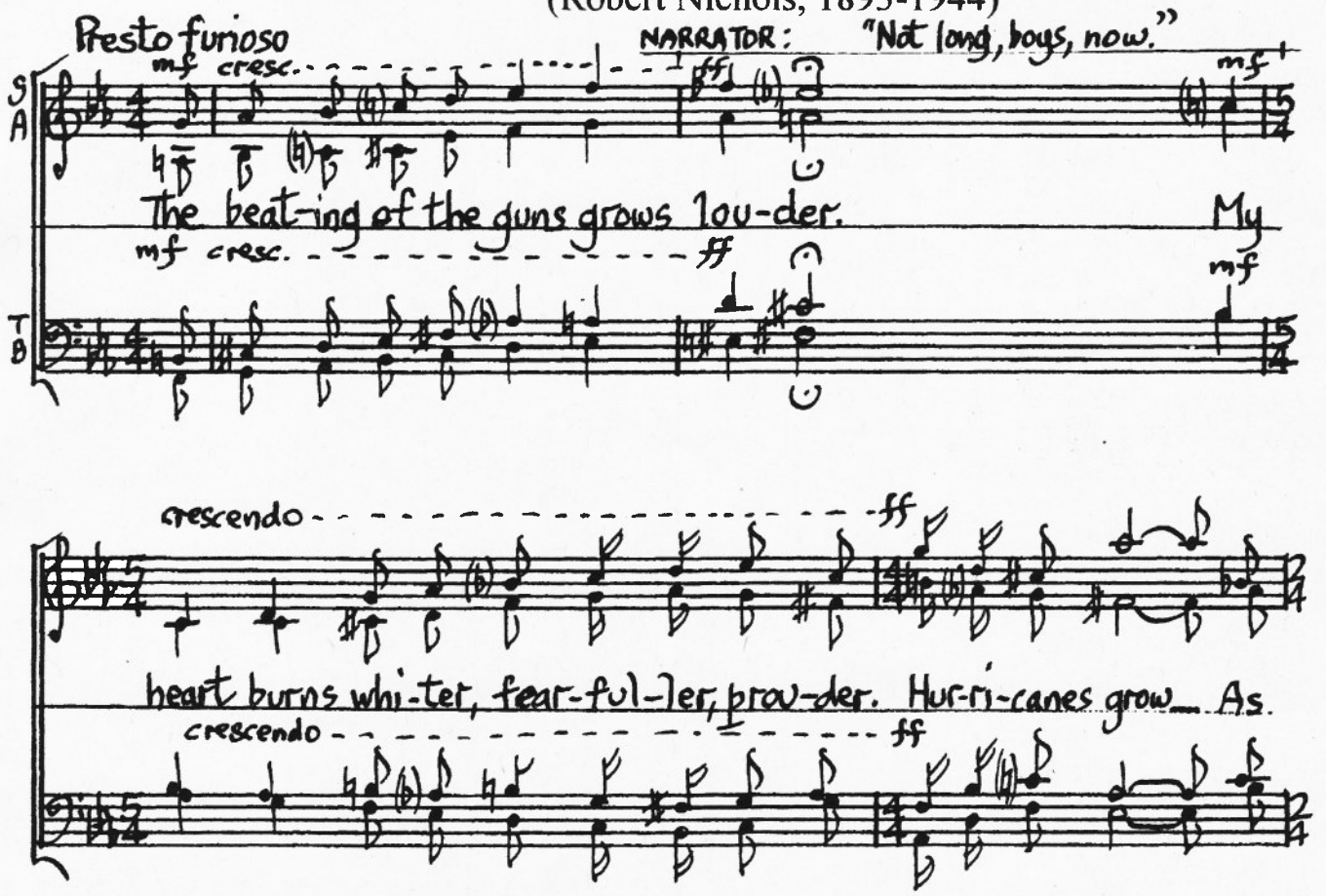

(v.1) wait, Cer-ti-fi-cates to join their mates up-on af-fairs of
(v.2)-ate, This ca-ve-at the un-born brat must cir-cum-na--vi--
(v.1) state, For pa-ra. 3 (ap-pen-dix B) will au-tho-rize a
(v.2)-gate: "All who have wives (not thir-ty-five) and chil-dren un-be--
(v.1) chap, to re-pro-duce, for sche-duled use, the spe-cies ho-mo
(v.2)-got And cer-ti-fied that they have tried, are ab-le and have
(v.1) sap. (the spe-cies ho-mo sap., ho-mo sap, ho-mo sap.) [v.3] "May
(v.2) not (are ab-le and have not, and have not, and have not) [v.4] The

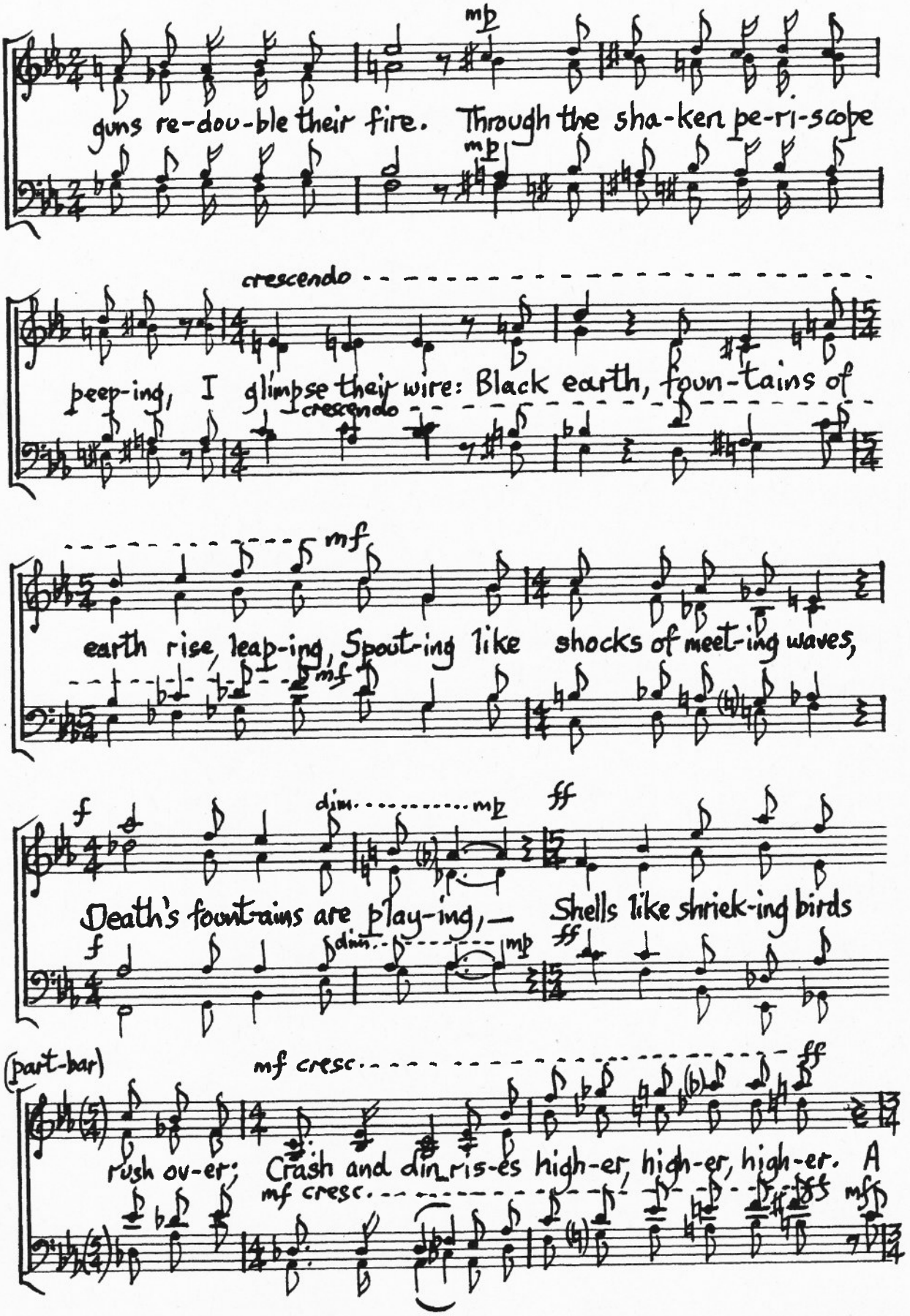

(v.3) stake a claim. But if their aim is not, or has suc-cee-ded, We
(v.4) Mid-dle East has now re-leased a gal-lant group of men, Of
(v.3) can't al-low that here and now their ser-vi-ces are need-ed." All
(v.4) fu-ture Dads, like Ga-la-hads, who have the strength of ten,— And
(v.3) who ap-ply must cer-ti-fy that they can un-der-stand— What
(v.4) ev-ery dame must be the same, for it is in-fra dig.,— That
(v.3) lies be-hind the sub-tle mind of Mid-dle East Com-mand. (Of
(v.4) they should dare a child to bear un-cer-ti--fied by Grigg. (Un-

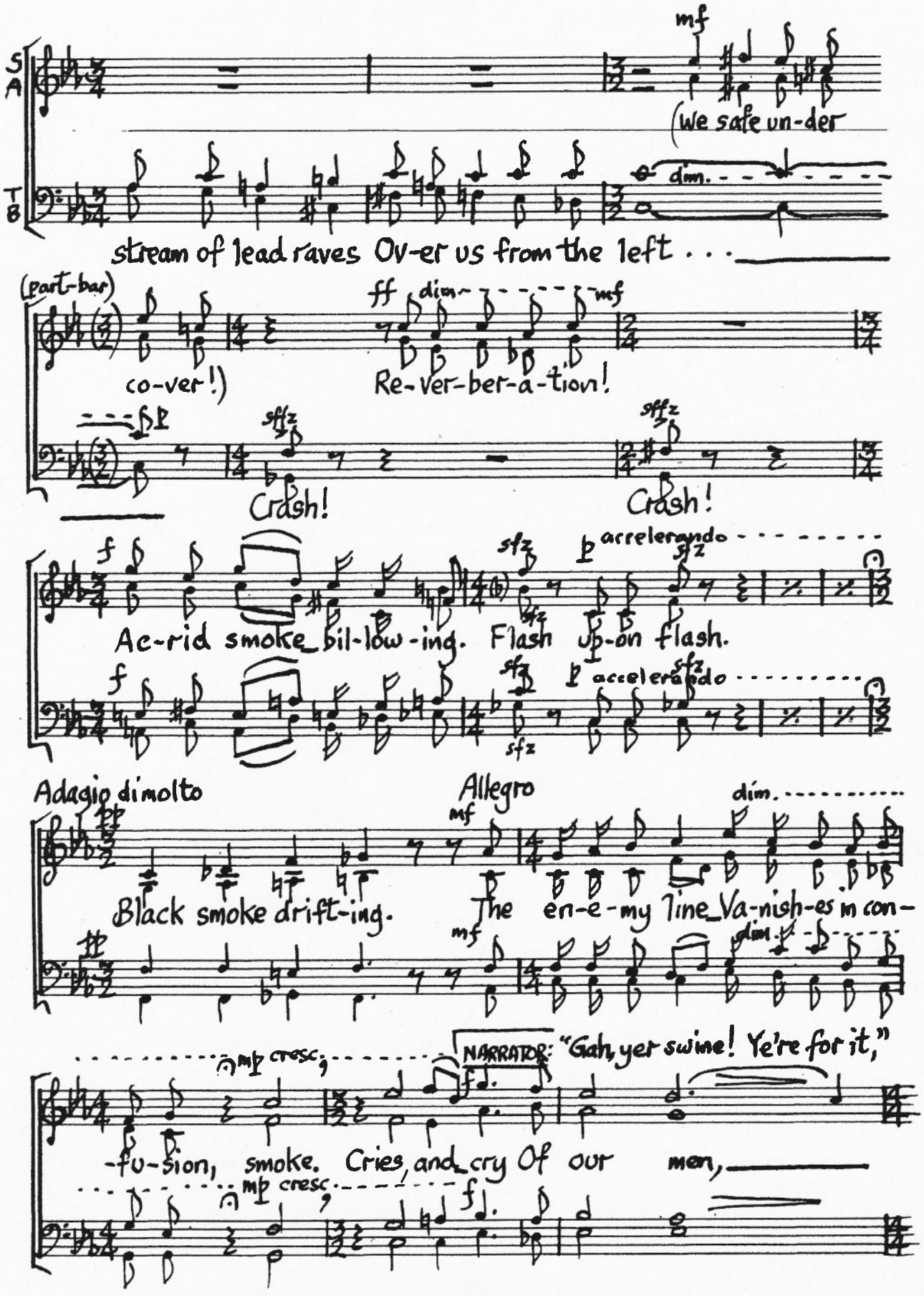


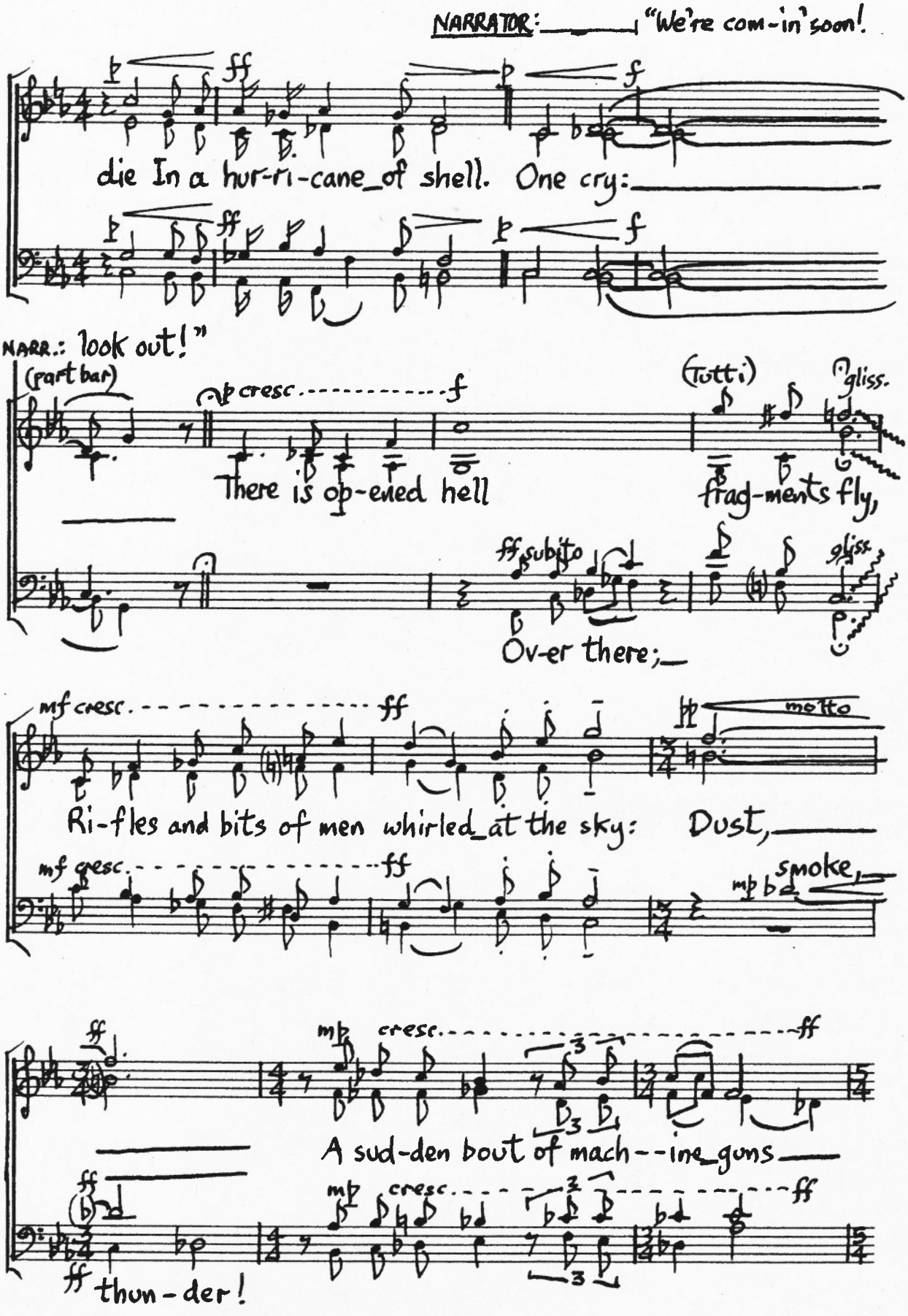

## 10. PHANTASMAGORIA: "The Assault"

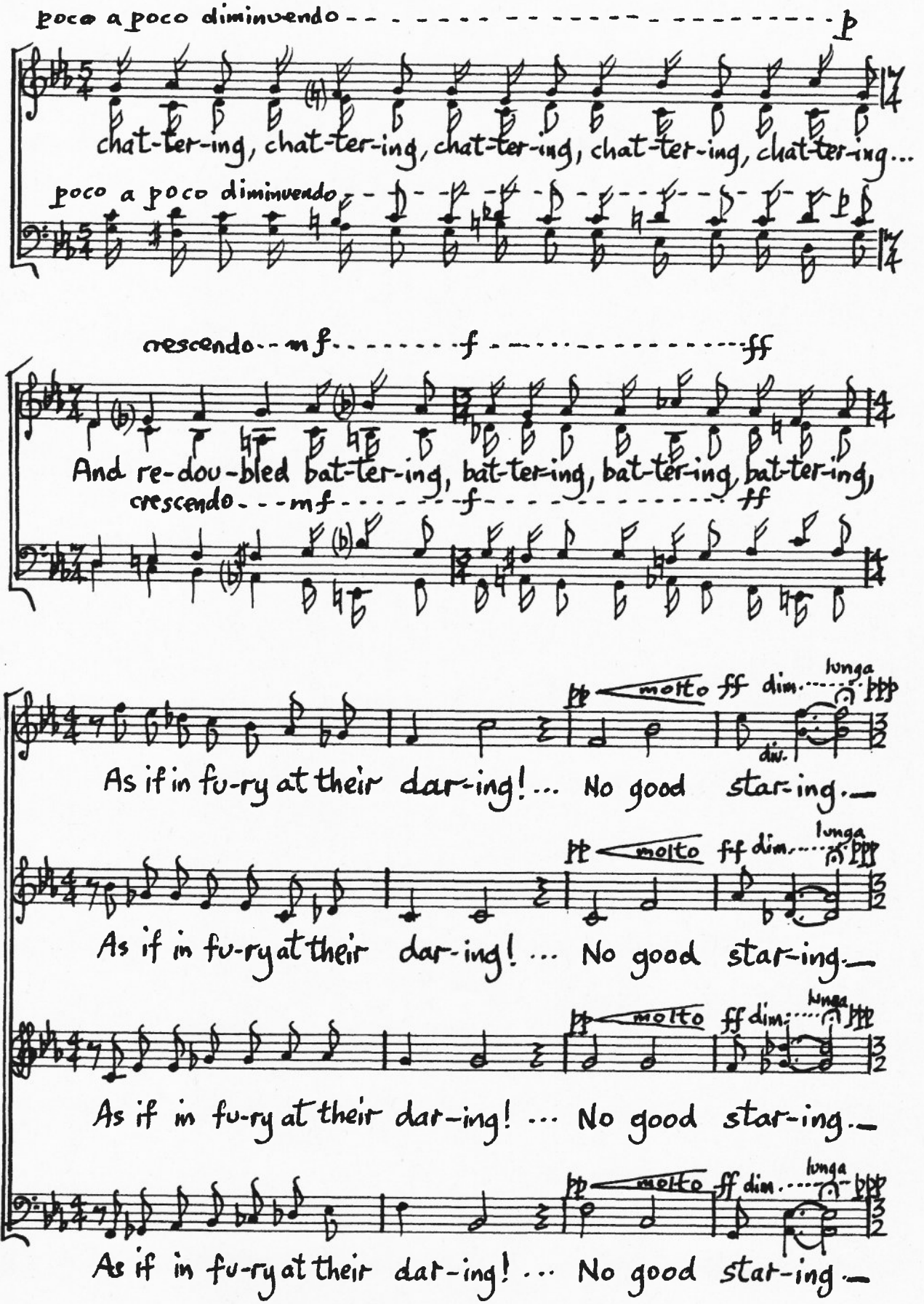
(Robert Nichols, 1893-1944)

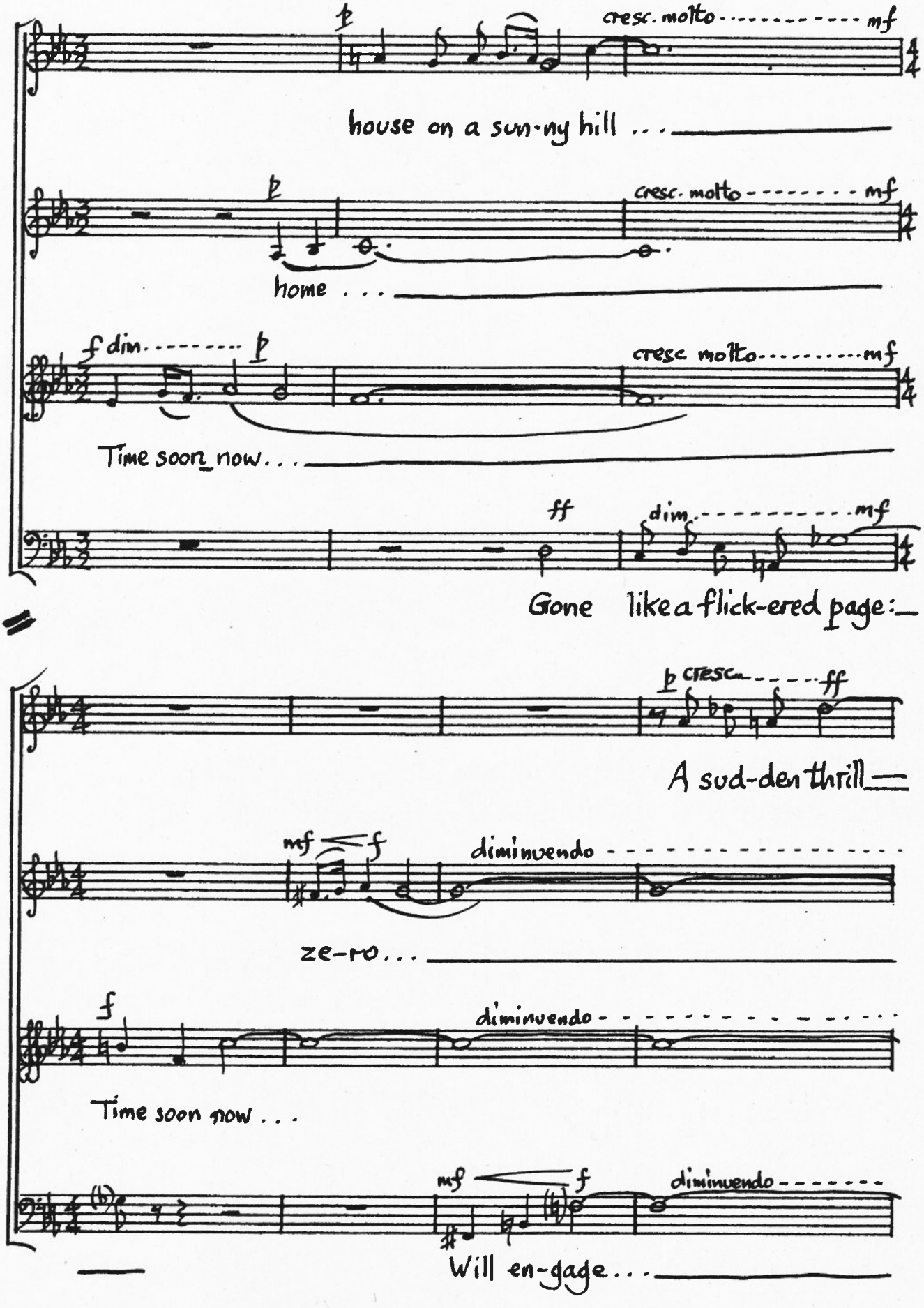


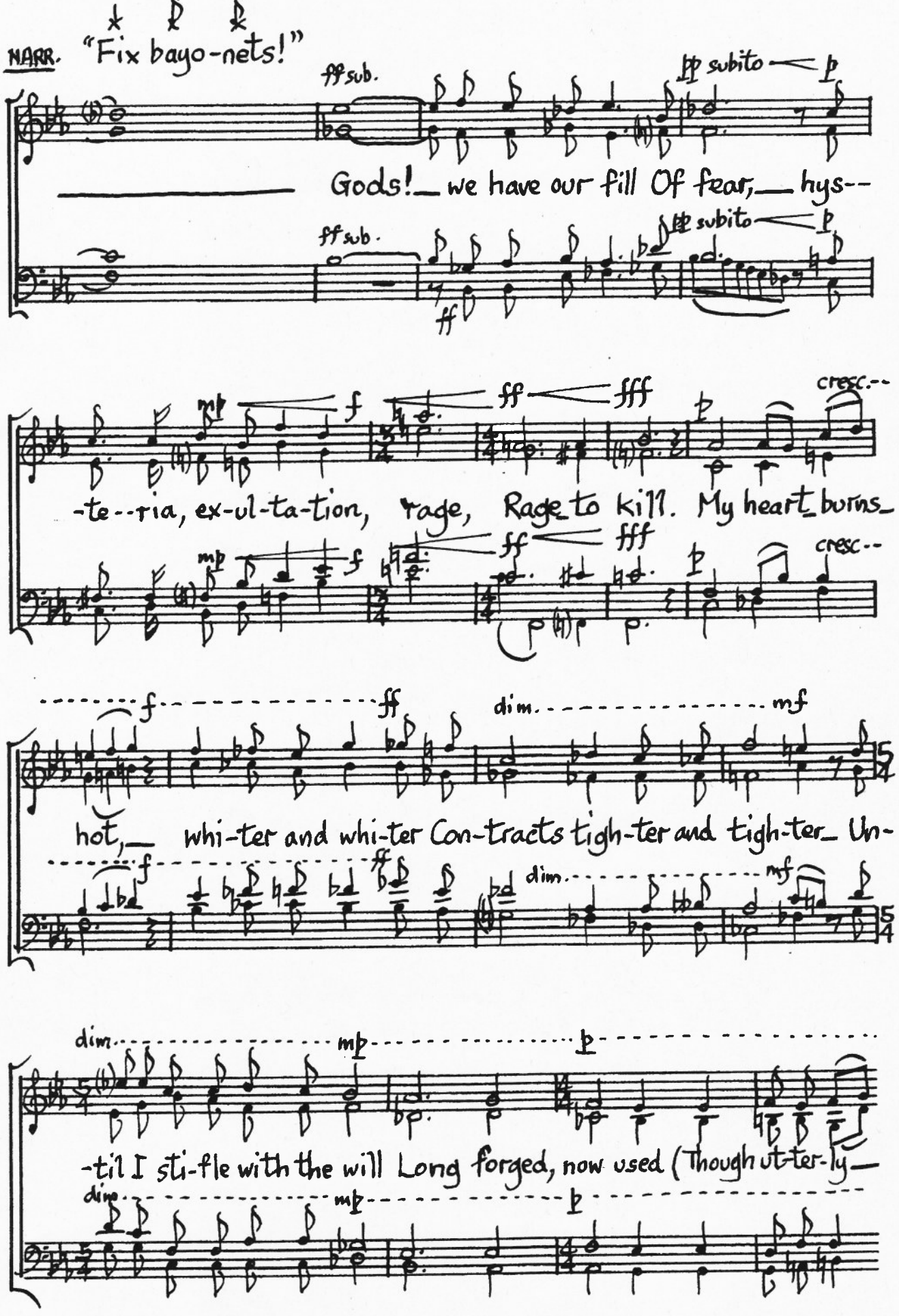

mp
guns re-dou-ble their fire. Through the sha-ken pe-ri-scope
mp
crescendo
peep-ing, I glimpse their wire: Black earth, foun-tains of
crescendo
mf
earth rise, leap-ing, Spout-ing like shocks of meet-ing waves,
mf
f
dim.
mp
ff
Death's fount-ains are play-ing,— Shells like shriek-ing birds
f
dim.
mp
ff
(part-bar)
mf cresc.
ff
rush ov-er; Crash and din ris-es high-er, high-er, high-er. A
mf cresc.
ff
mf

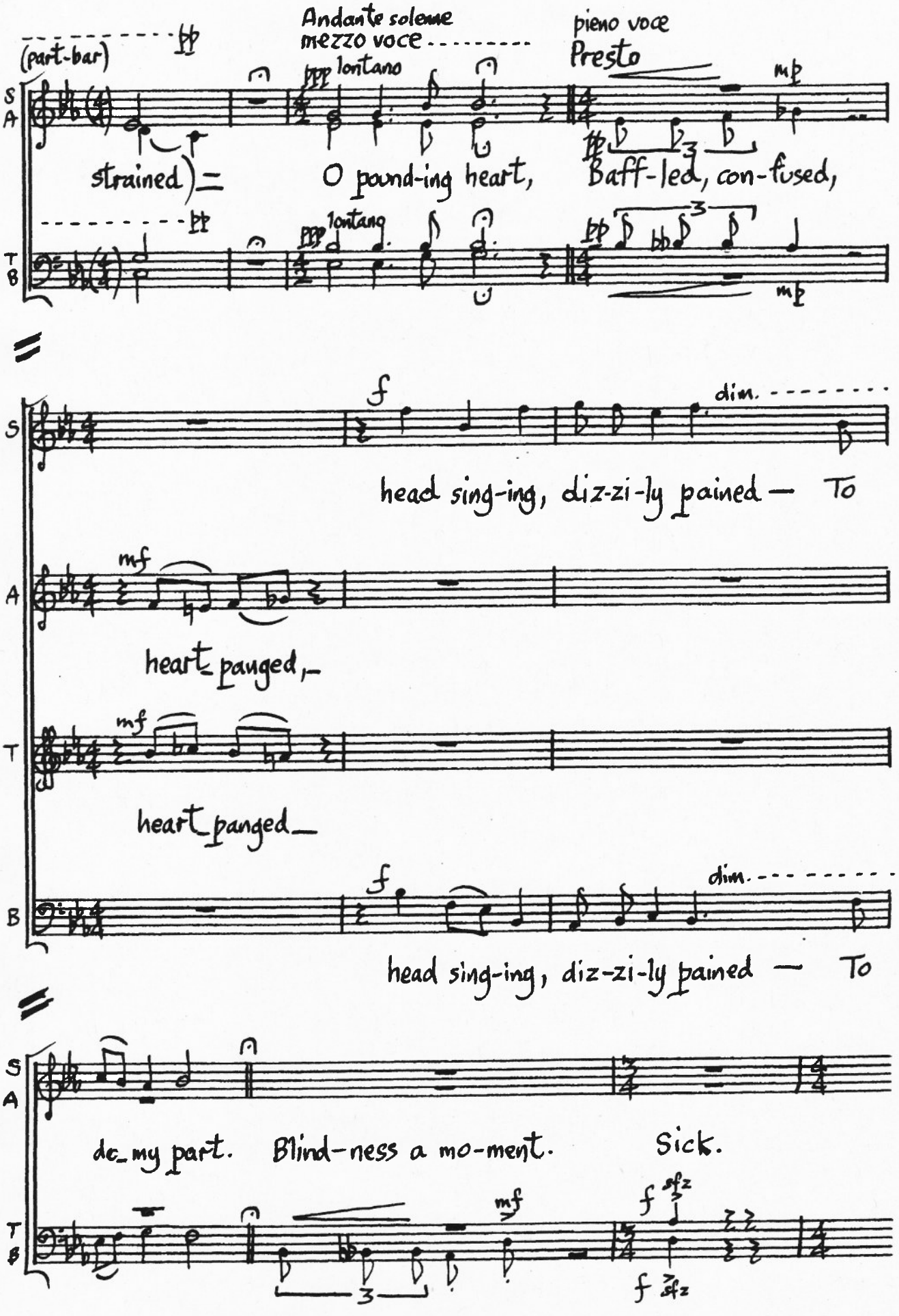

S
A
T
B
mf
(We safe un-der
dim.
stream of lead raves Ov-er us from the left . . .
(part-bar)
co-ver!)
ff dim. mf
Re-ver-ber-a-tion!
sffz
Crash!
sffz
Crash!
f
sfz
p accelerando
sfz
Ac-rid smoke bil-low-ing. Flash up-on flash.
Adagio di molto
Allegro
mf
dim.
Black smoke drift-ing. The en-e-my line Va-nish-es in con-
mp cresc.
NARRATOR: "Gah, yer swine! Ye're for it,"
-fu-sion, smoke. Cries and cry Of our men,
mp cresc.
f

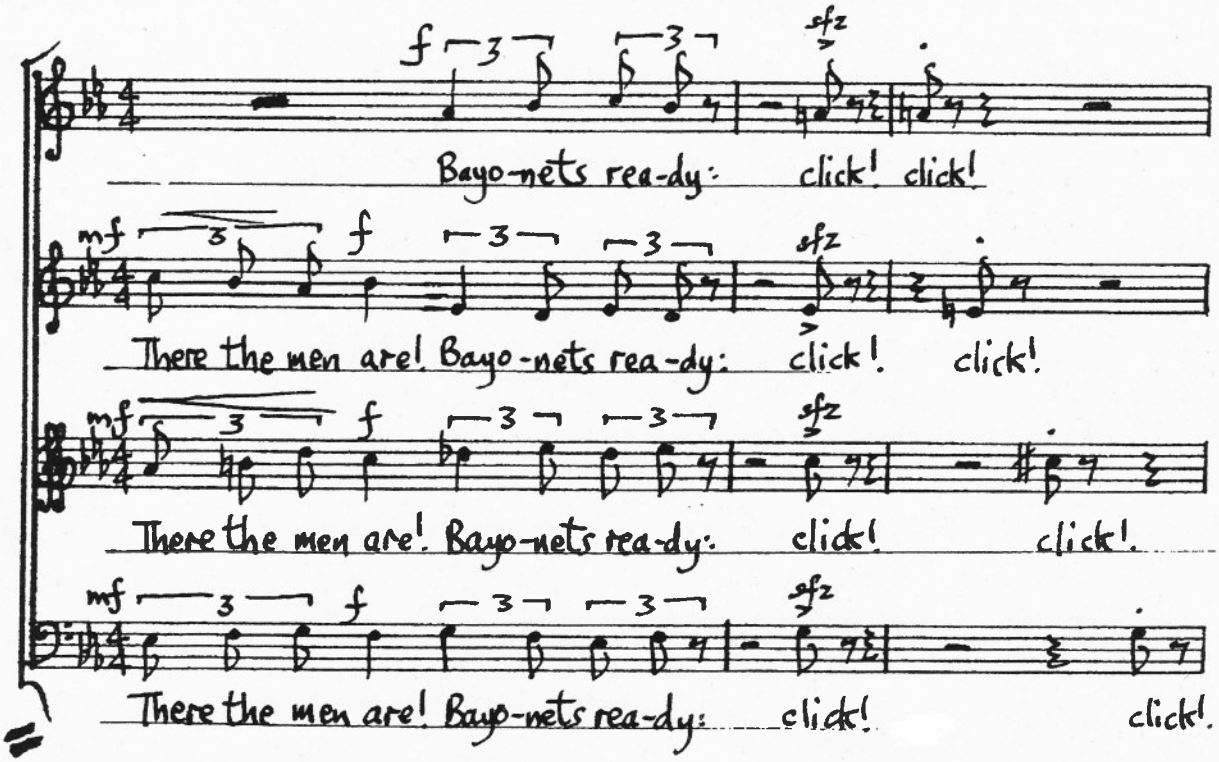

NARRATOR: "We're com-in' soon!
die In a hur-ri-cane of shell. One cry:
NARR.: look out!"
(part bar)
There is op-ened hell
(Tutti)
gliss.
frag-ments fly,
Ov-er there;
Ri-fles and bits of men whirled at the sky: Dust,
smoke,
A sud-den bout of mach--ine guns
thun-der!

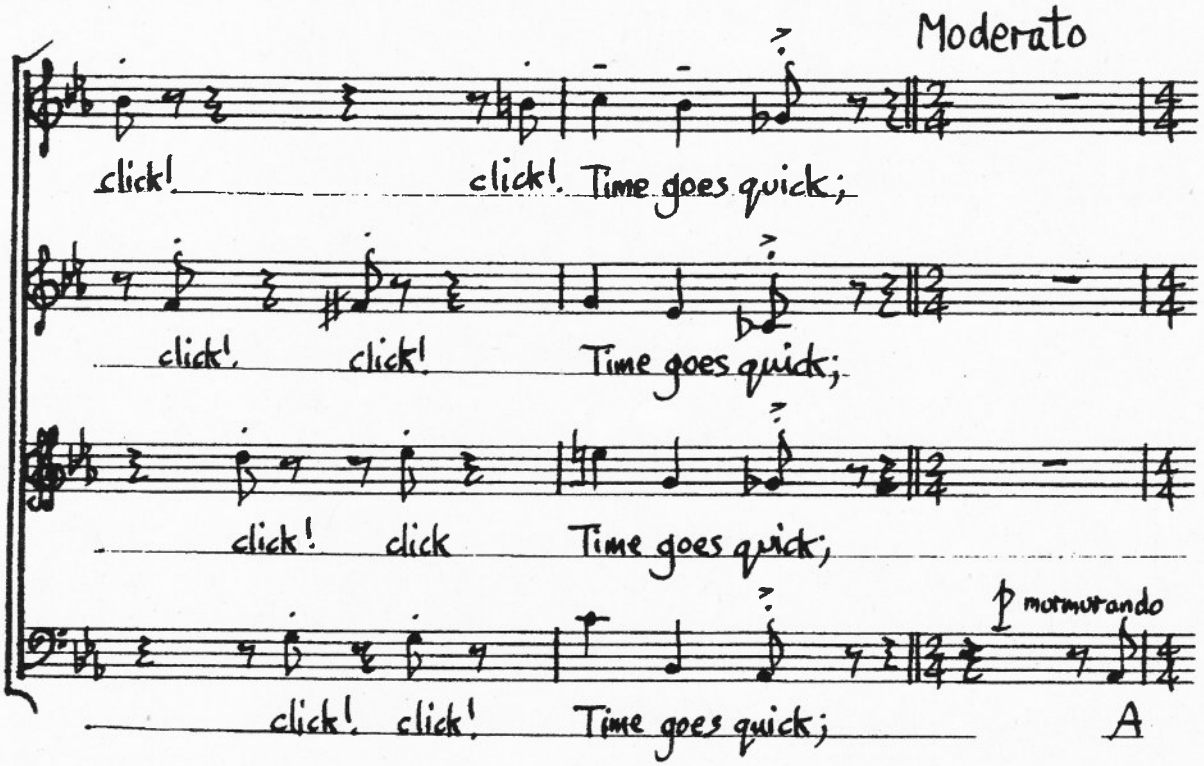

poco a poco diminuendo
p
chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing...
poco a poco diminuendo
crescendo
mf
f
ff
And re-dou-bled bat-ter-ing, bat-ter-ing, bat-ter-ing, bat-ter-ing,
crescendo
mf
f
ff
S
pp
molto
ff
dim.
lunga
ppp
div.
As if in fu-ry at their dar-ing! ... No good star-ing.
A
pp
molto
ff
dim.
lunga
ppp
As if in fu-ry at their dar-ing! ... No good star-ing.
T
pp
molto
ff
dim.
lunga
ppp
As if in fu-ry at their dar-ing! ... No good star-ing.
B
pp
molto
ff
dim.
lunga
ppp
As if in fu-ry at their dar-ing! ... No good star-ing.

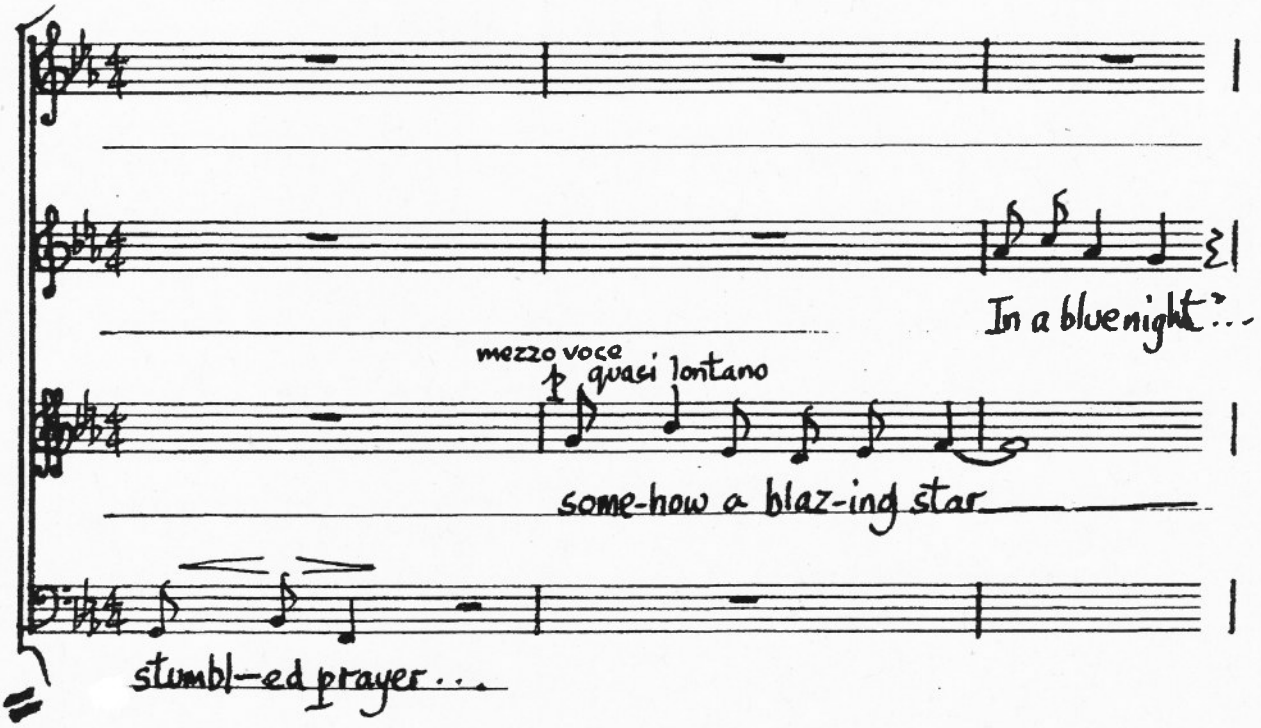

cresc. molto mf
house on a sun-ny hill . . .
cresc. molto mf
home . . .
f dim. p
cresc molto mf
Time soon now . . .
ff
dim. mf
Gone like a flick-ered page:
p cresc. ff
A sud-den thrill
mf f
diminuendo
ze-ro . . .
f
diminuendo
Time soon now . . .
mf f
diminuendo
Will en-gage . . .

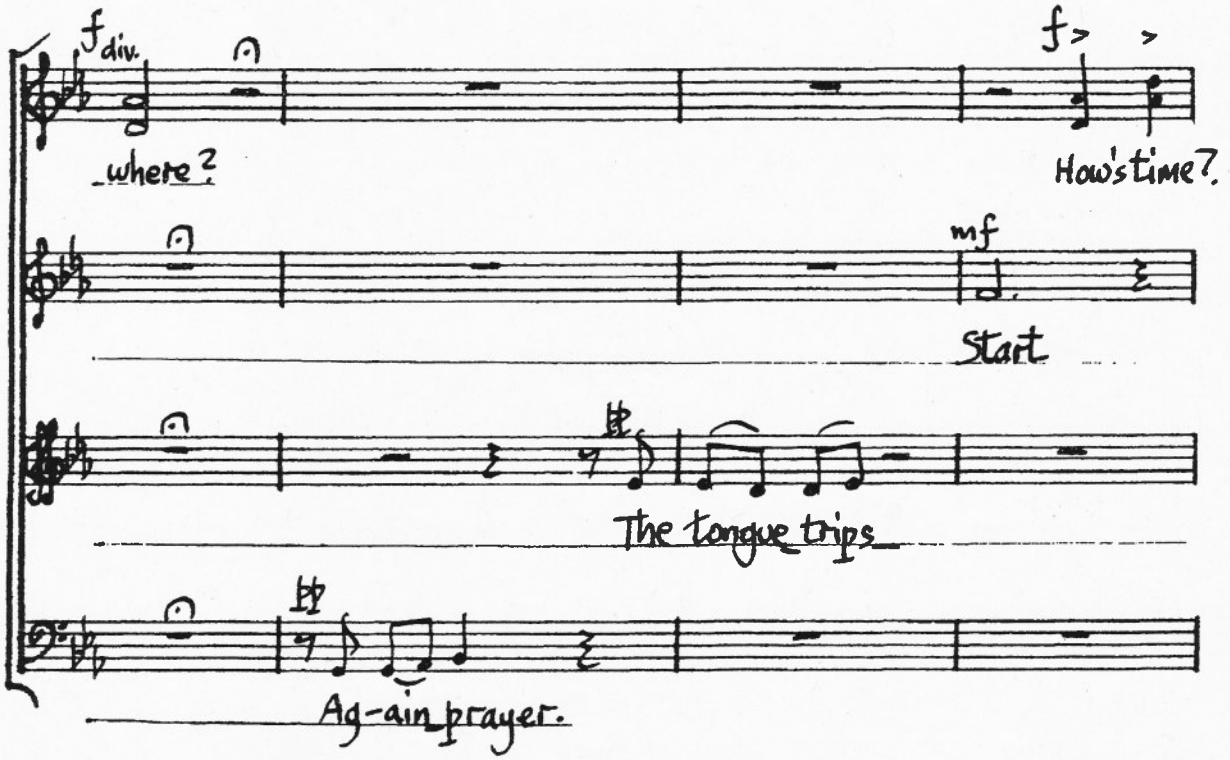

NARR. "Fix bayo-nets!"
ff sub.
pp subito
p
Gods! we have our fill Of fear, hys--
mf
f
ff
fff
cresc.--
-te--ria, ex-ul-ta-tion, rage, Rage to kill. My heart burns
dim.
mf
hot, whi-ter and whi-ter Con-tracts tigh-ter and tigh-ter Un-
mp
-til I sti-fle with the will Long forged, now used (Though ut-ter-ly

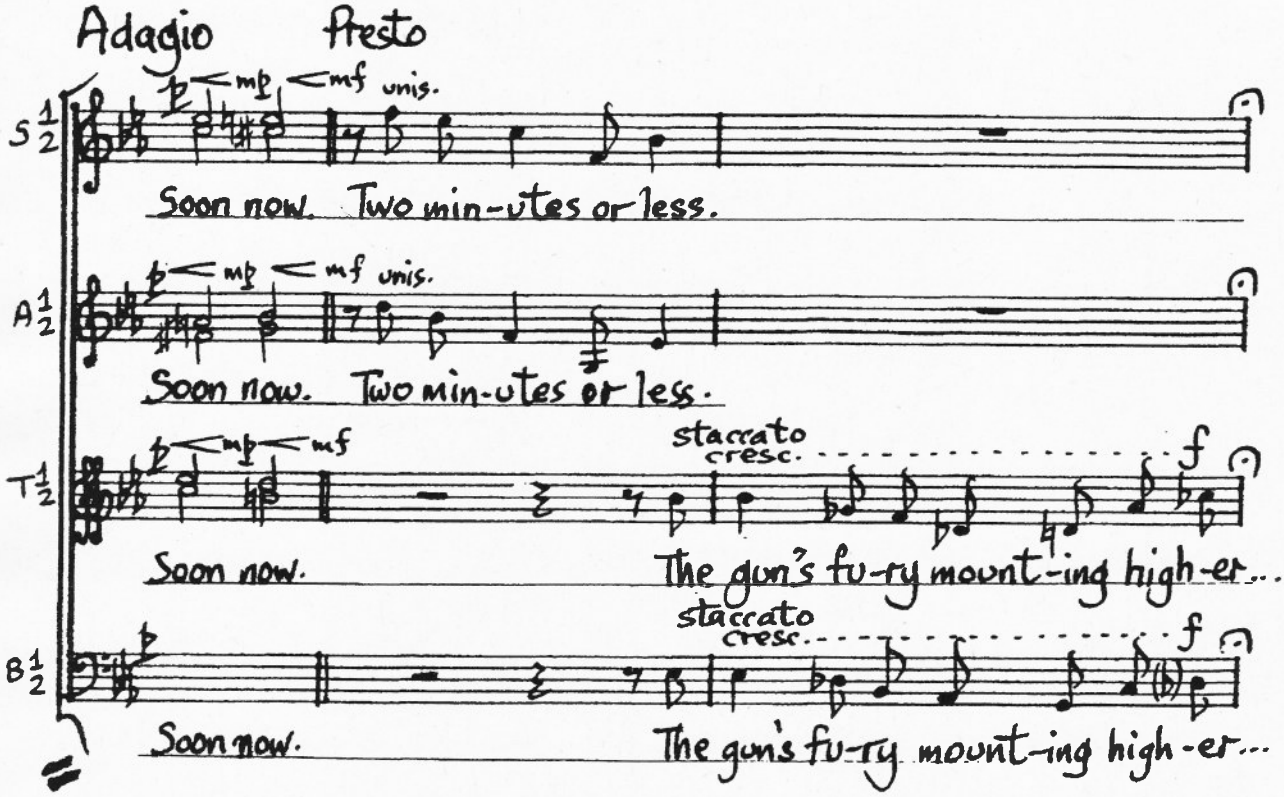

(part-bar)
Andante solenne
mezzo voce
pieno voce
Presto
lontano
strained
O pound-ing heart,
Baff-led, con-fused,
head sing-ing, diz-zi-ly pained — To
heart pauged,
heart panged
head sing-ing, diz-zi-ly pained — To
do my part. Blind-ness a mo-ment. Sick.

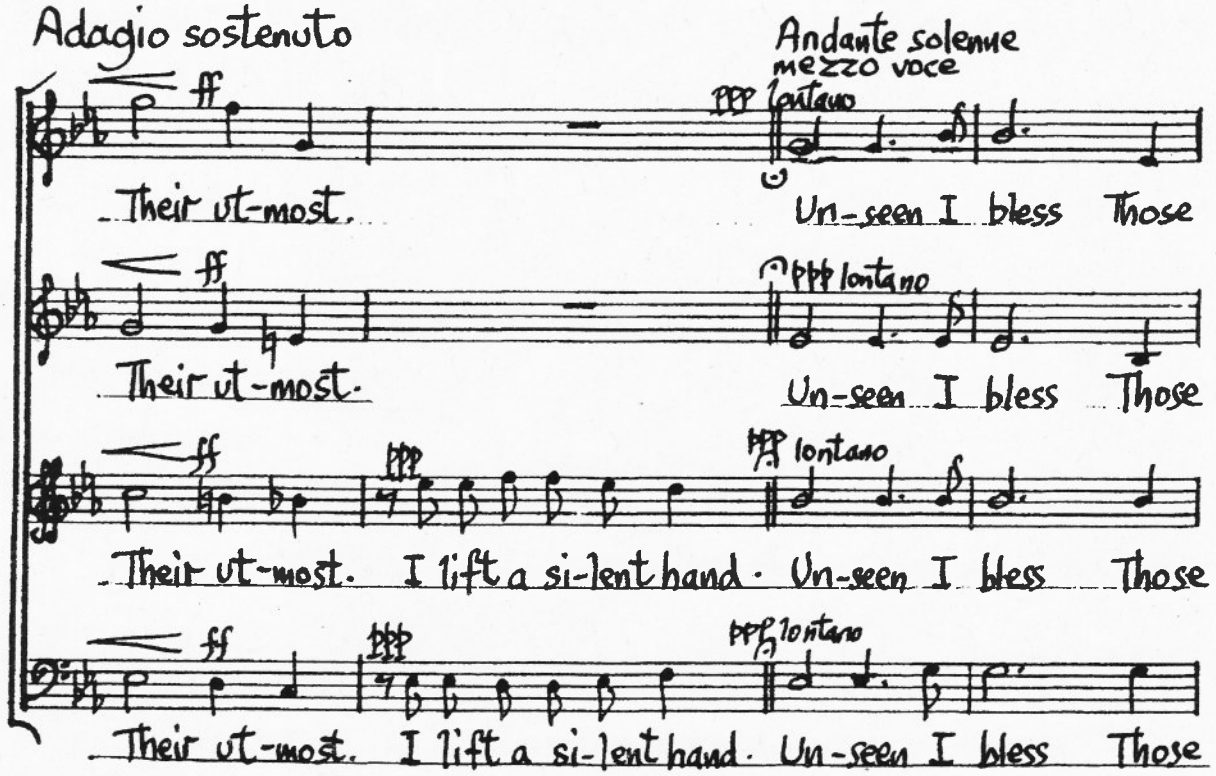

Bayo-nets rea-dy: click! click!
There the men are! Bayo-nets rea-dy: click! click!
There the men are! Bayo-nets rea-dy: click! click!
There the men are! Bayo-nets rea-dy: click! click!


Moderato
click! click! Time goes quick;
click! click! Time goes quick;
click! click Time goes quick;
murmurando
click! click! Time goes quick;
A

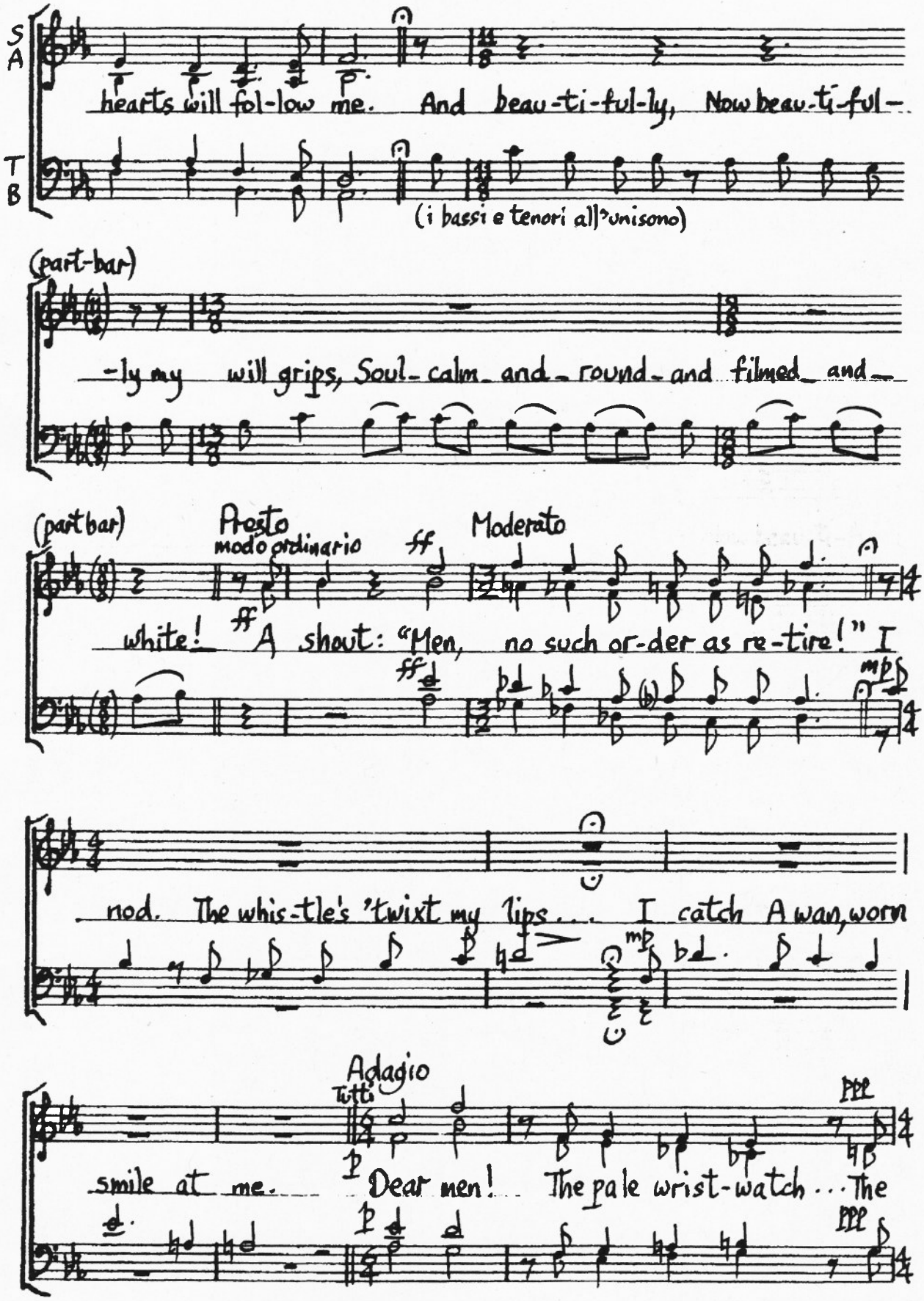

In a blue night...
mezzo voce
quasi lontano
some-how a blaz-ing star
stumbl-ed prayer...

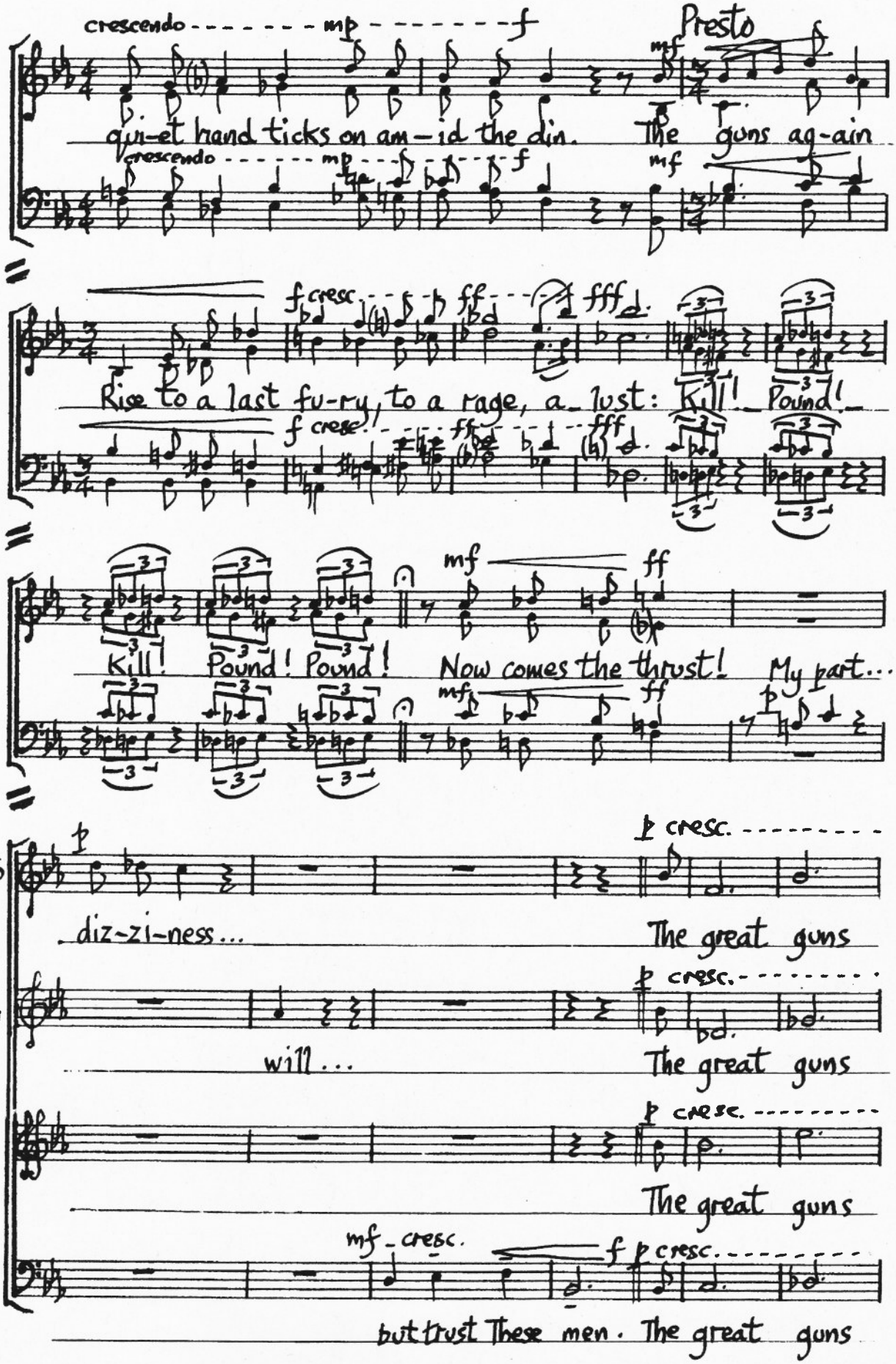

f div.
where?
f>
How's time?
mf
Start
The tongue trips
Ag-ain prayer.

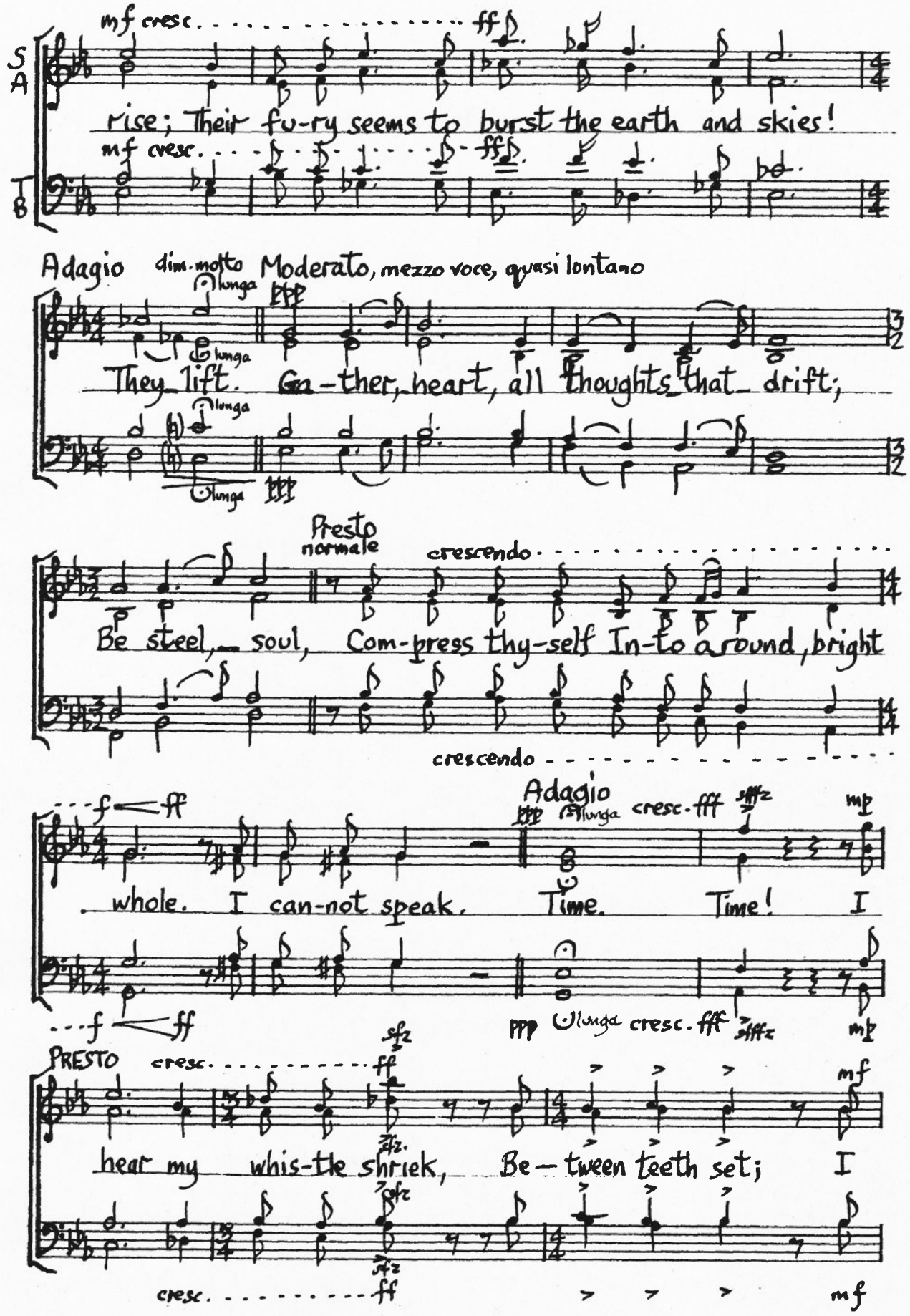

Adagio
Presto
mp
mf
unis.
S 1/2
Soon now. Two min-utes or less.
A 1/2
Soon now. Two min-utes or less.
T 1/2
staccato
cresc.
f
Soon now.
The gun's fu-ry mount-ing high-er...
B 1/2
staccato
cresc.
f
Soon now.
The gun's fu-ry mount-ing high-er...

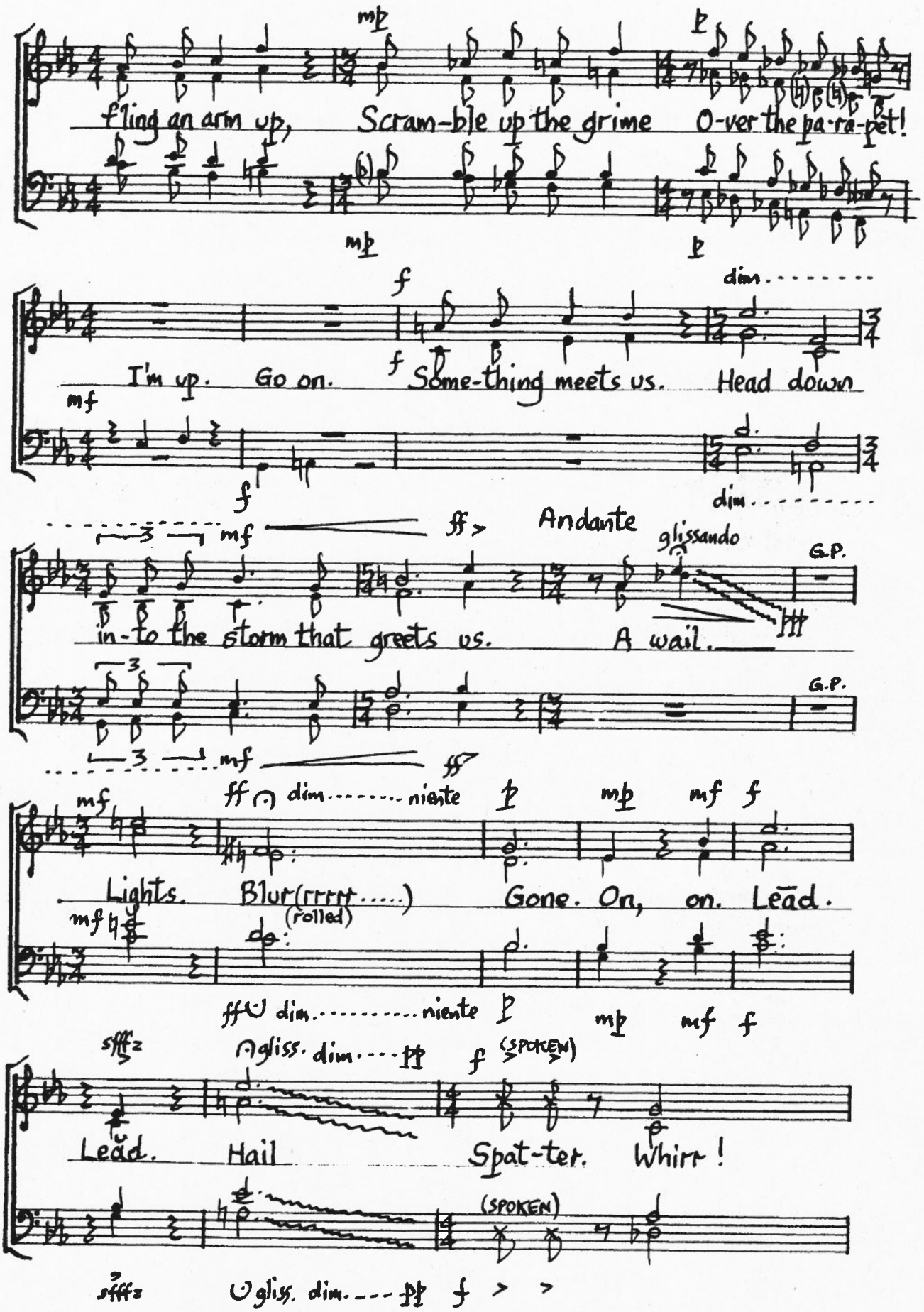

Adagio sostenuto
ff
Their ut-most.
Andante solemne
mezzo voce
ppp lontano
Un-seen I bless Those
Their ut-most.
Un-seen I bless Those
Their ut-most. I lift a si-lent hand. Un-seen I bless Those
Their ut-most. I lift a si-lent hand. Un-seen I bless Those

CANTO DA CHIESA

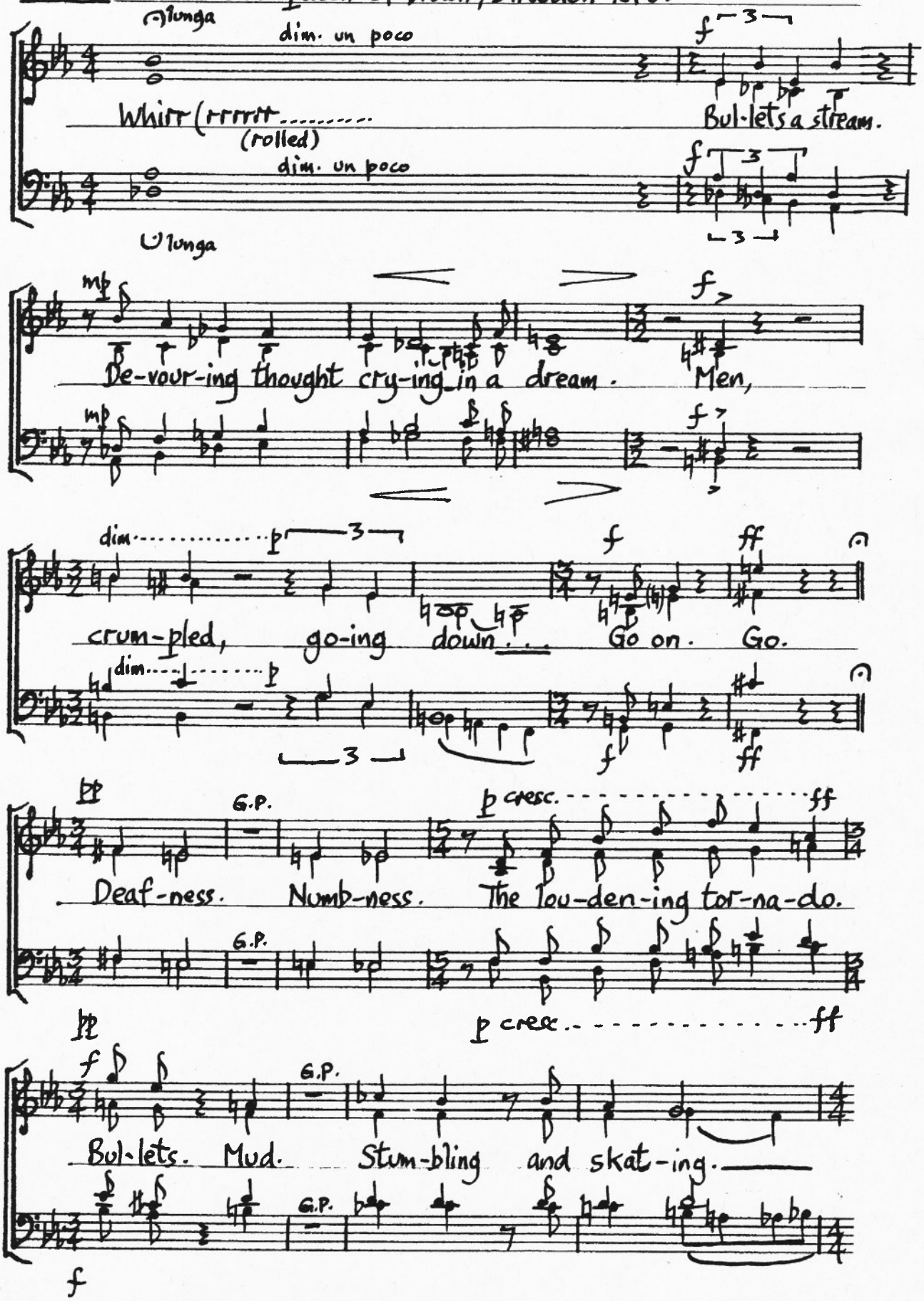


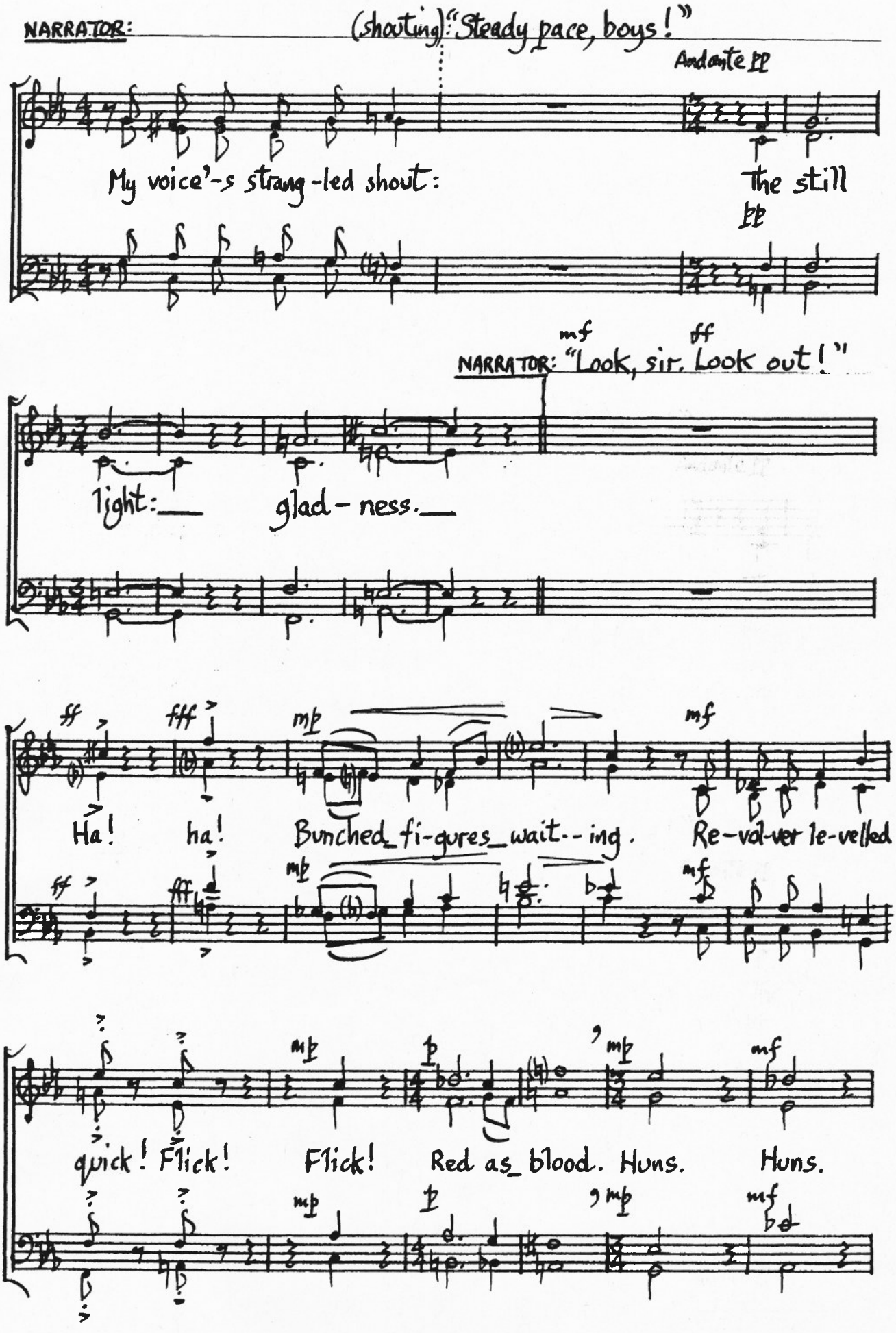

crescendo
mp
f
Presto
mf
qui-et hand ticks on am-id the din. The guns ag-ain
f cresc.
ff
fff
Rise to a last fu-ry, to a rage, a lust: Kill! Pound!
Kill! Pound! Pound! Now comes the thrust! My part...
S
A
T
B
diz-zi-ness... The great guns
will... The great guns
The great guns
mf cresc.
f
but trust These men. The great guns

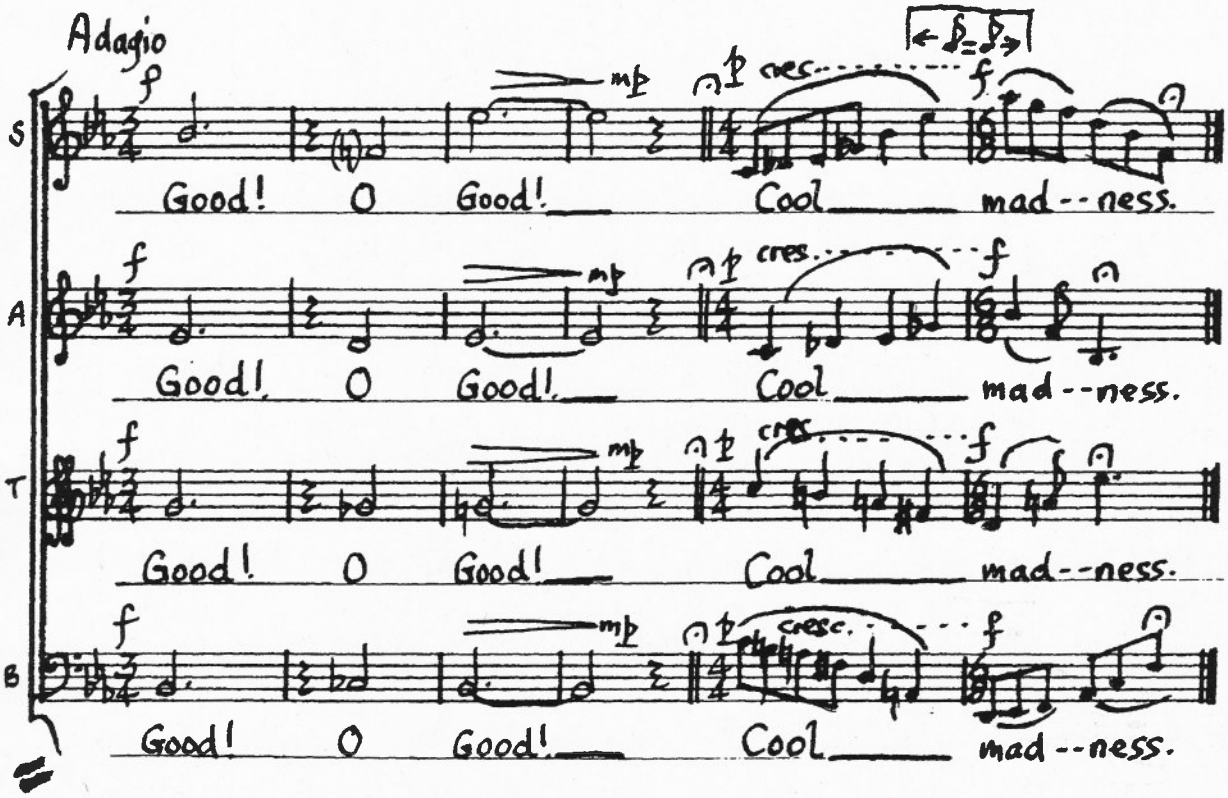

mf cresc. ff
S
A
rise; Their fu-ry seems to burst the earth and skies!
mf cresc. ff
T
B
Adagio dim. molto Moderato, mezzo voce, quasi lontano
lunga
They lift. Ga-ther, heart, all thoughts that drift;
Presto
normale
crescendo
Be steel, soul, Com-press thy-self In-to a round, bright
crescendo
f ff
Adagio
ppp lunga cresc. fff sfffz mp
whole. I can-not speak. Time. Time! I
f ff
ppp lunga cresc. fff sfffz mp
PRESTO cresc. ff sfz
mf
hear my whis-tle shriek, Be-tween teeth set; I
cresc. ff
mf


fling an arm up, Scram-ble up the grime O-ver the pa-ra-pet!
I'm up. Go on. Some-thing meets us. Head down
Andante
glissando
G.P.
in-to the storm that greets us. A wail.
Lights. Blur(rrrrr.....) Gone. On, on. Lead.
(rolled)
Lead. Hail Spat-ter. Whirr!
(SPOKEN)

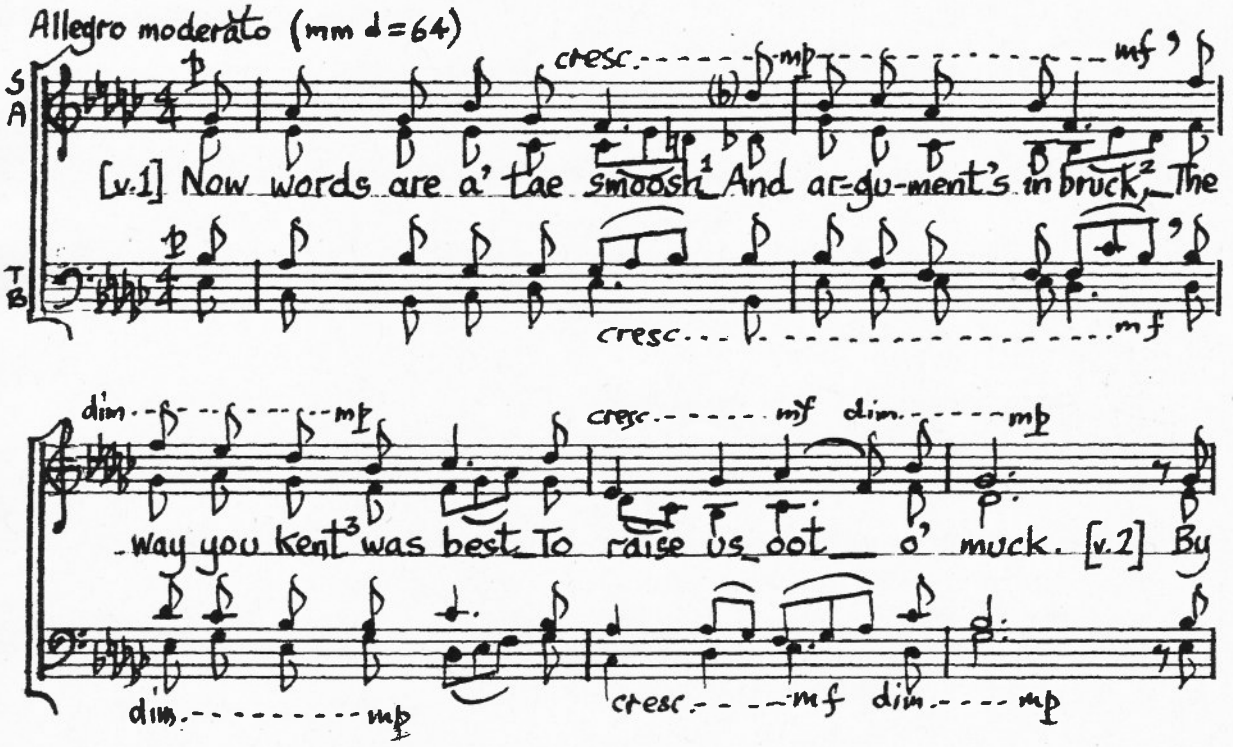
NARRATOR: (shouted) "Toward that patch of brown; Direction left."



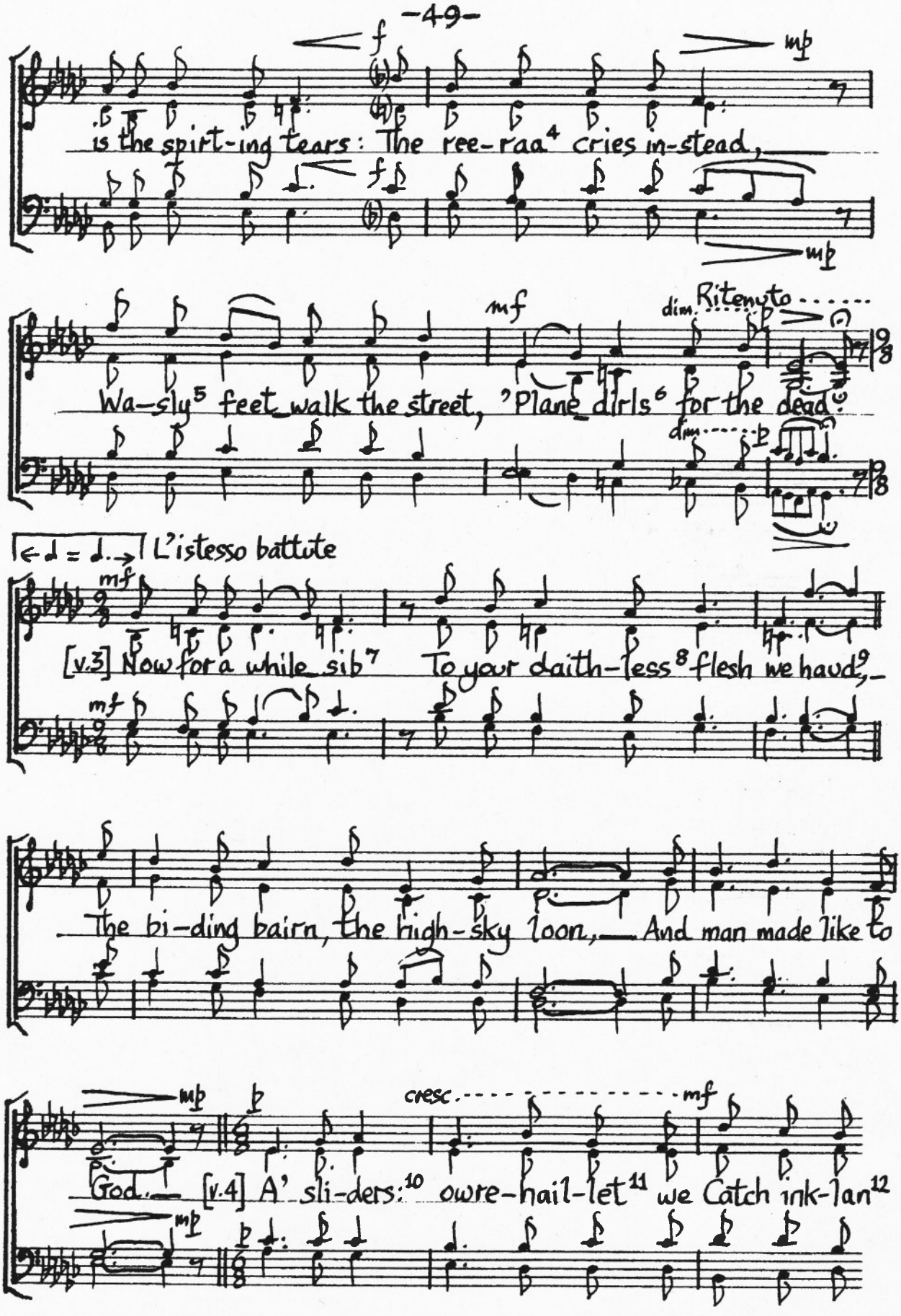

NARRATOR:
(shouting): "Steady pace, boys!"
Andante pp
My voice'-s strang-led shout:
The still
pp
mf
ff
NARRATOR: "Look, sir. Look out!"
light:
glad-ness.
ff
fff
mp
mf
Ha! ha!
Bunched fi-gures wait--ing.
Re-vol-ver le-velled
quick! Flick!
Flick!
Red as blood. Huns.
Huns.
p



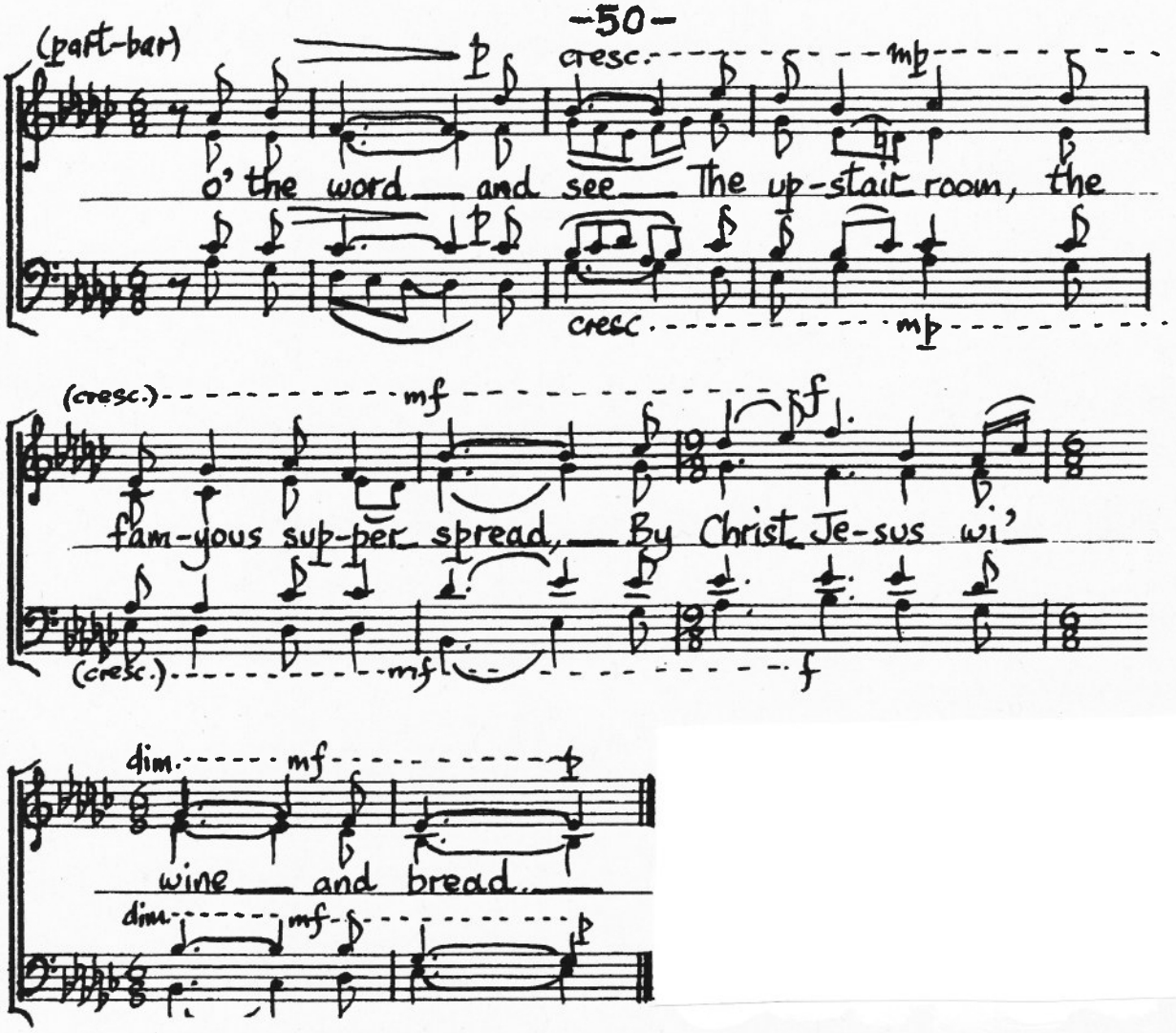

11. "DIRGE (Easter 1942)" (Ann Scott-Moncrieff, 1914-43)



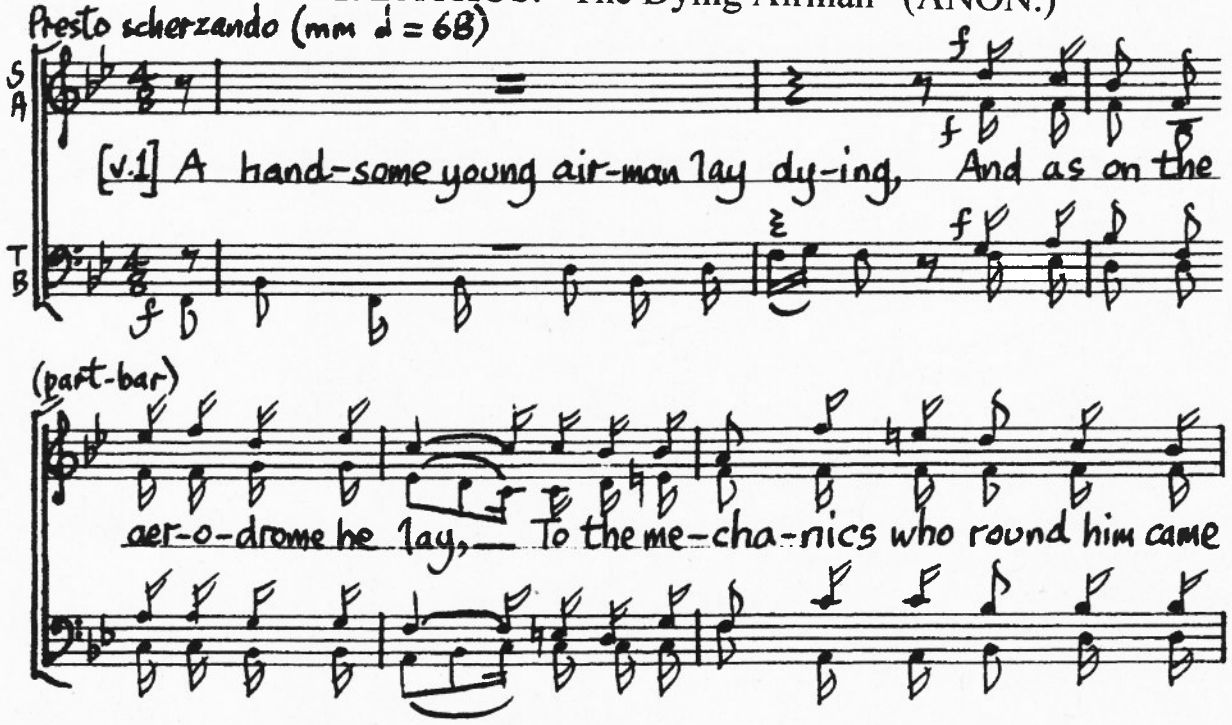

FOOTNOTES: 1 "smoosh" = broken up to dust; 2 "bruck" = rubbish; 3 "kent" = knew.

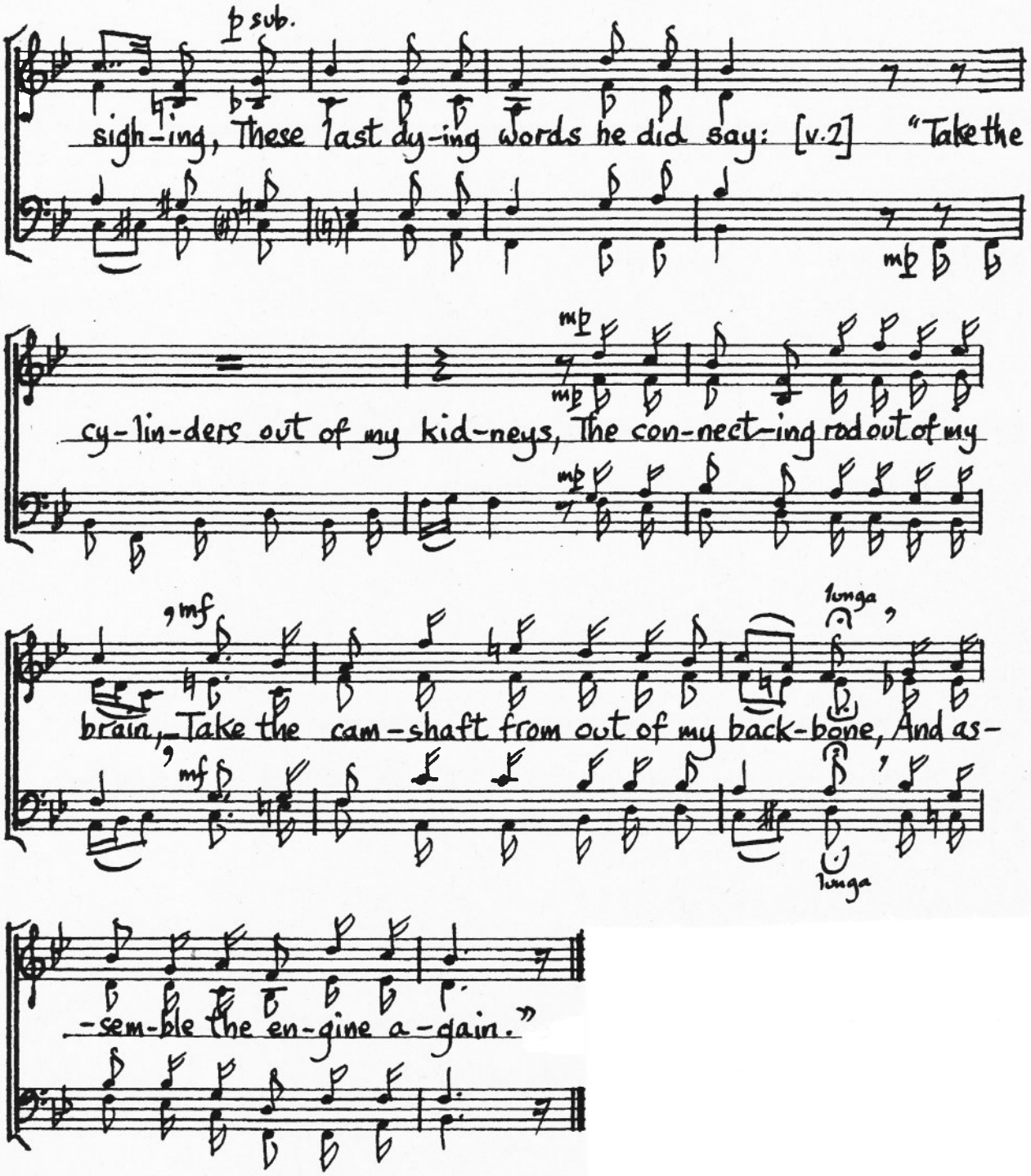



FOOTNOTES: 4 "ree-raa" = white-tailed eagle; 5 "Wasly" = wobbly, uncontrolled; 6 "dirls" = spins round; 7 "sib" = related (cf. sibling); 8 "daithless" = deathless; 9 "haud" = hold; 10 "sliders" (cognate with 'slippery'?); 11 "owrehaillet" = ?); 12 "inklan" = idea (inkling?).



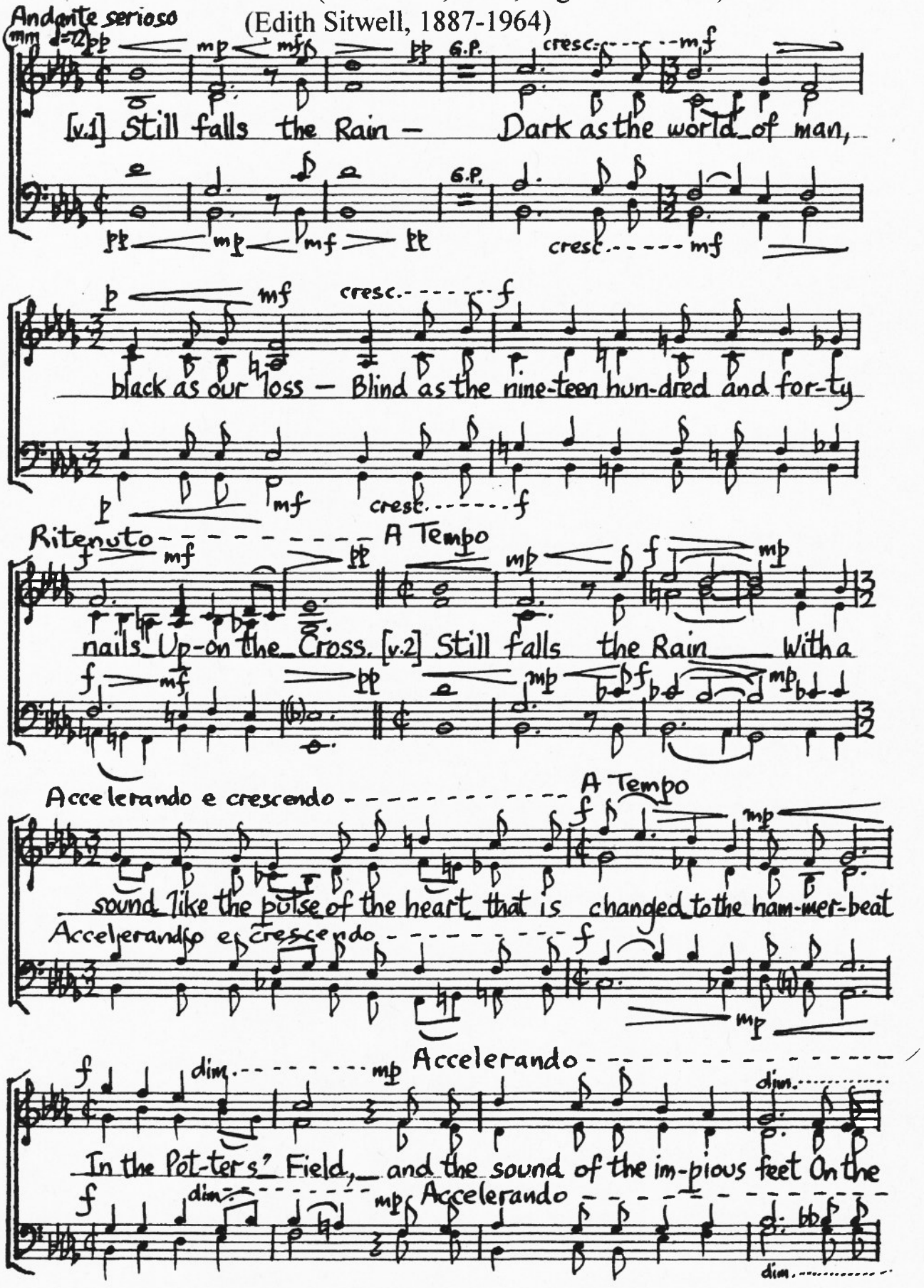

12. BATHOS: "The Dying Airman" (ANON.)

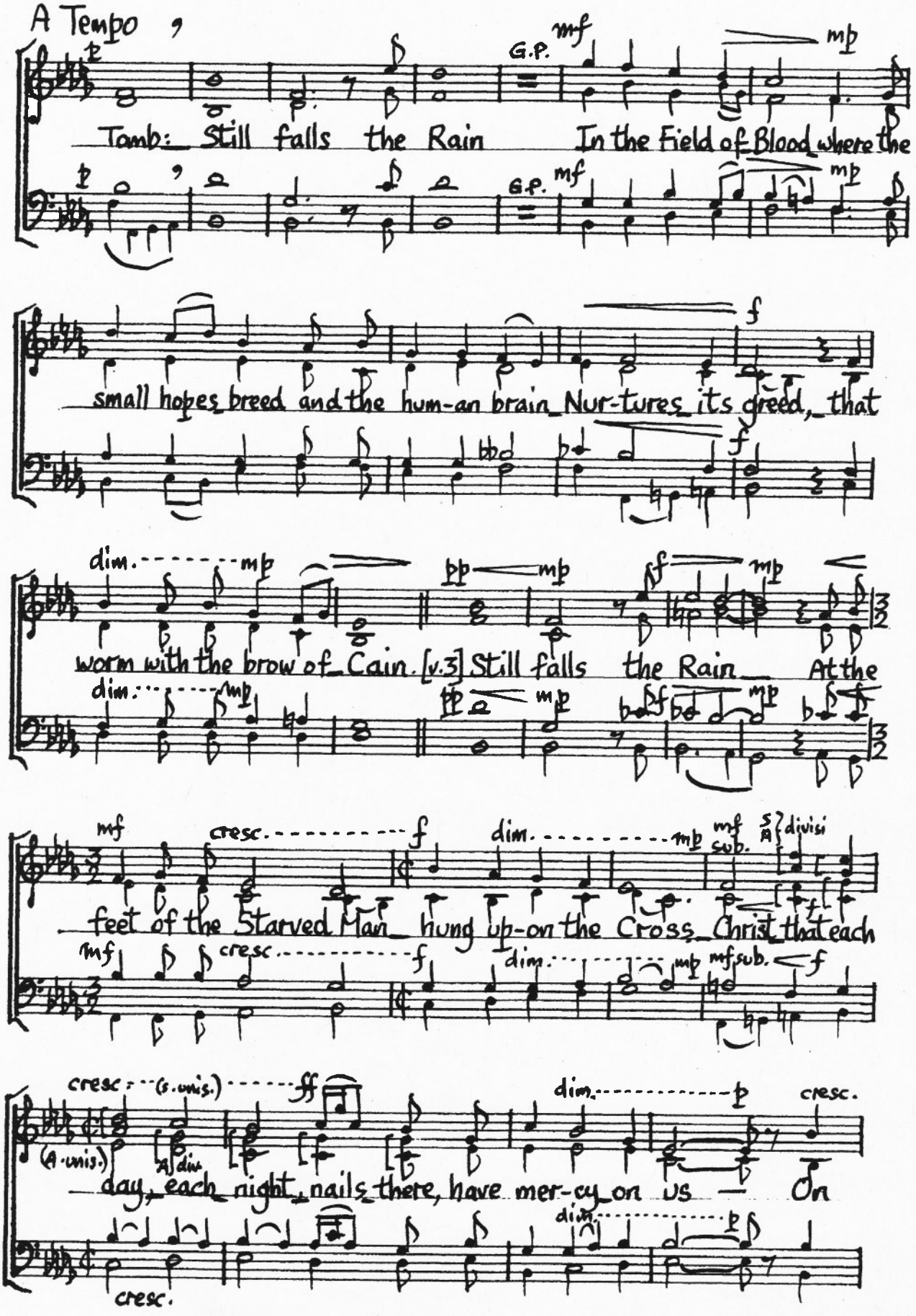


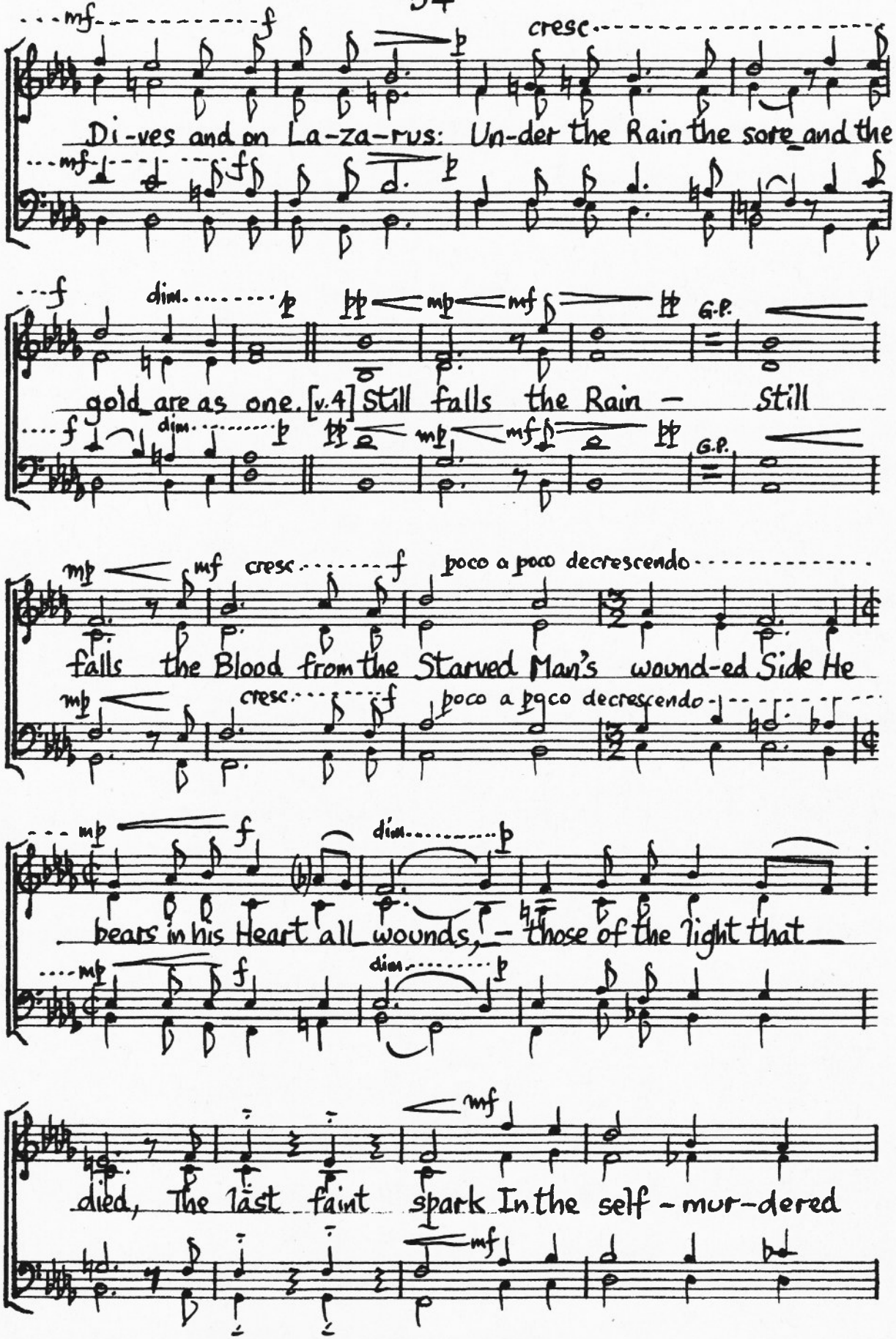

p sub.
sigh-ing, These last dy-ing words he did say: [v.2] "Take the
mp
cy-lin-ders out of my kid-neys, The con-nect-ing rod out of my
mf
brain, Take the cam-shaft from out of my back-bone, And as-
lunga
-sem-ble the en-gine a-gain."

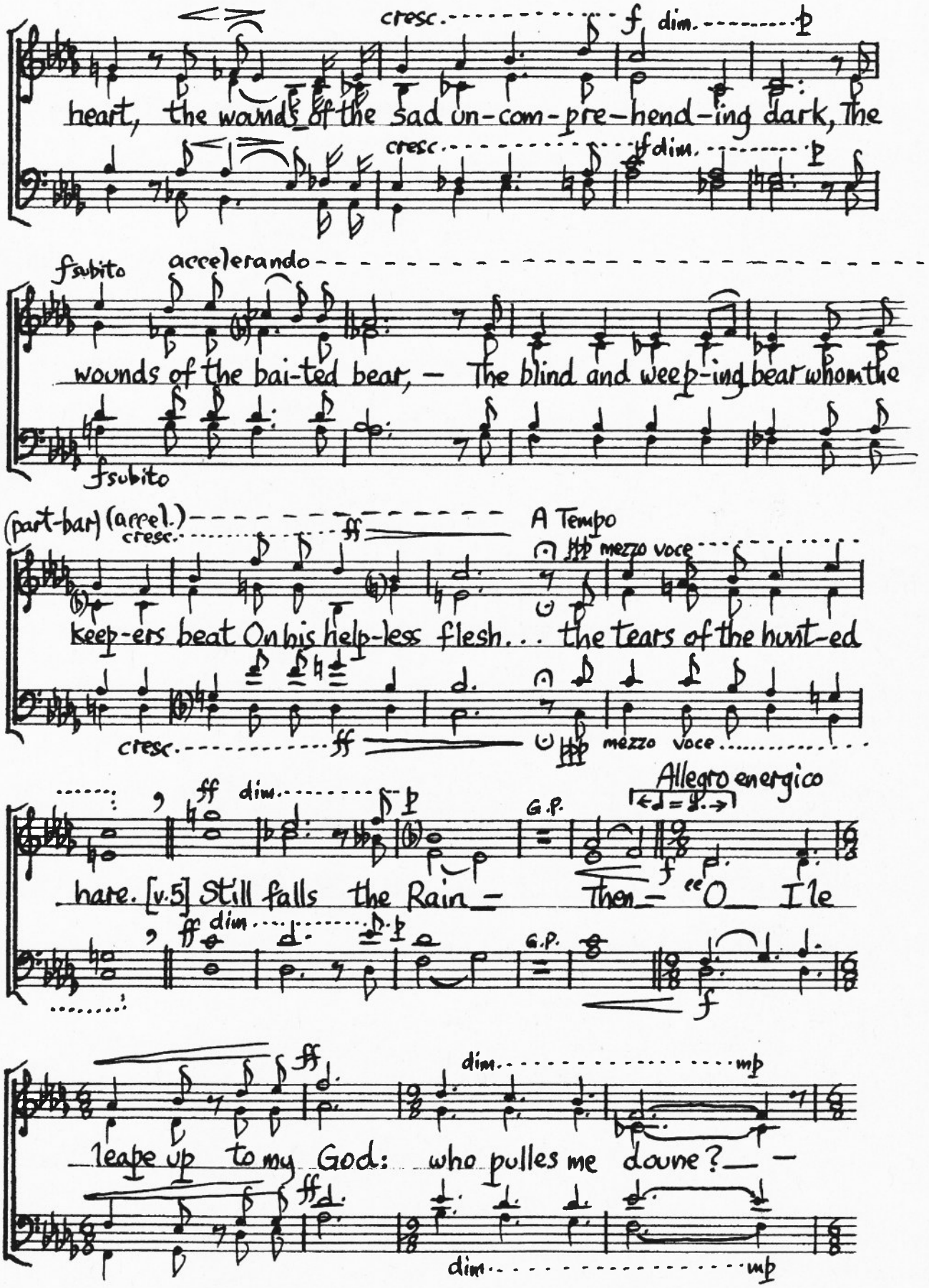
13. "Still Falls the Rain" (The Raids, 1940, Night and Dawn)

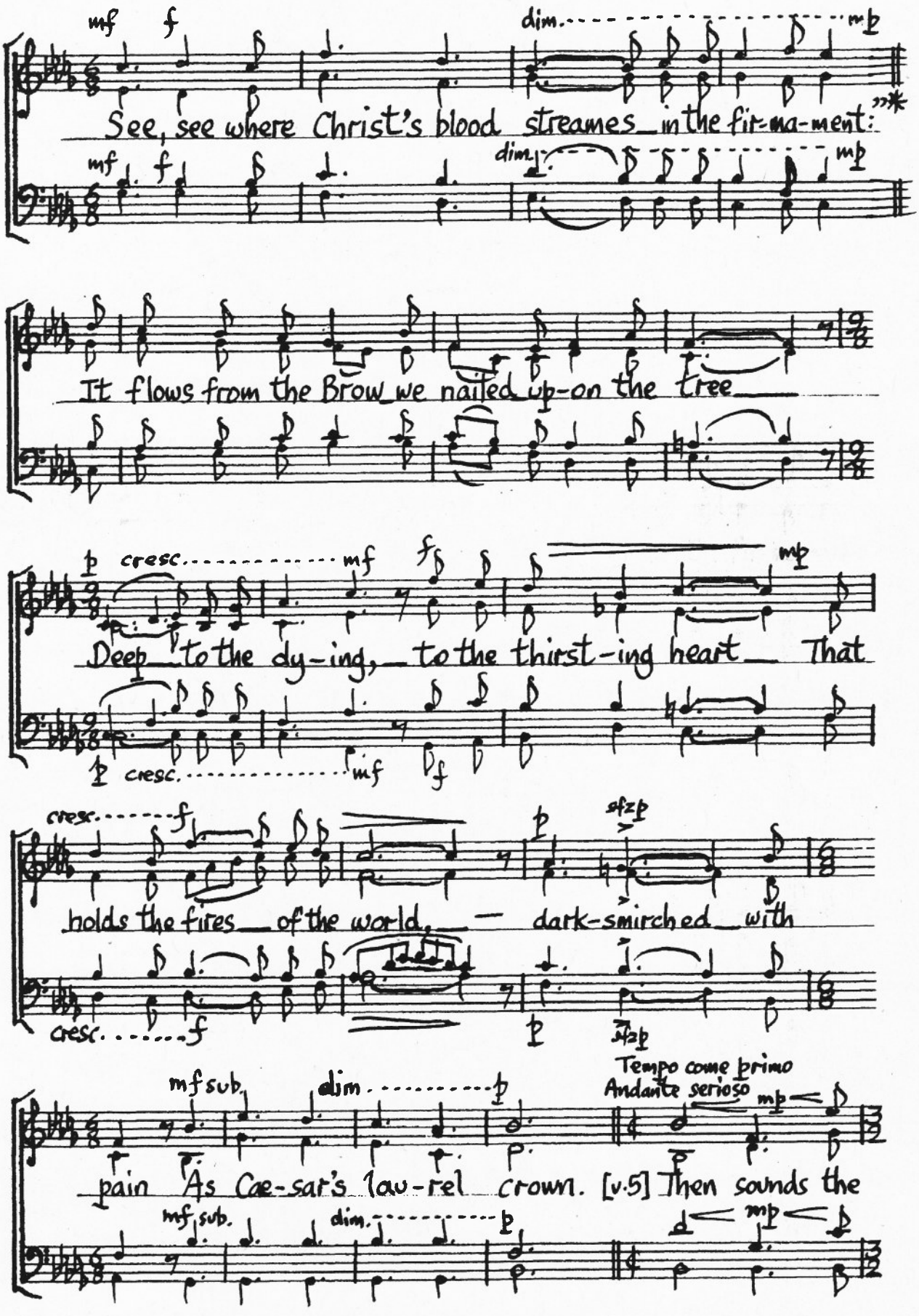
(Edith Sitwell, 1887-1964)



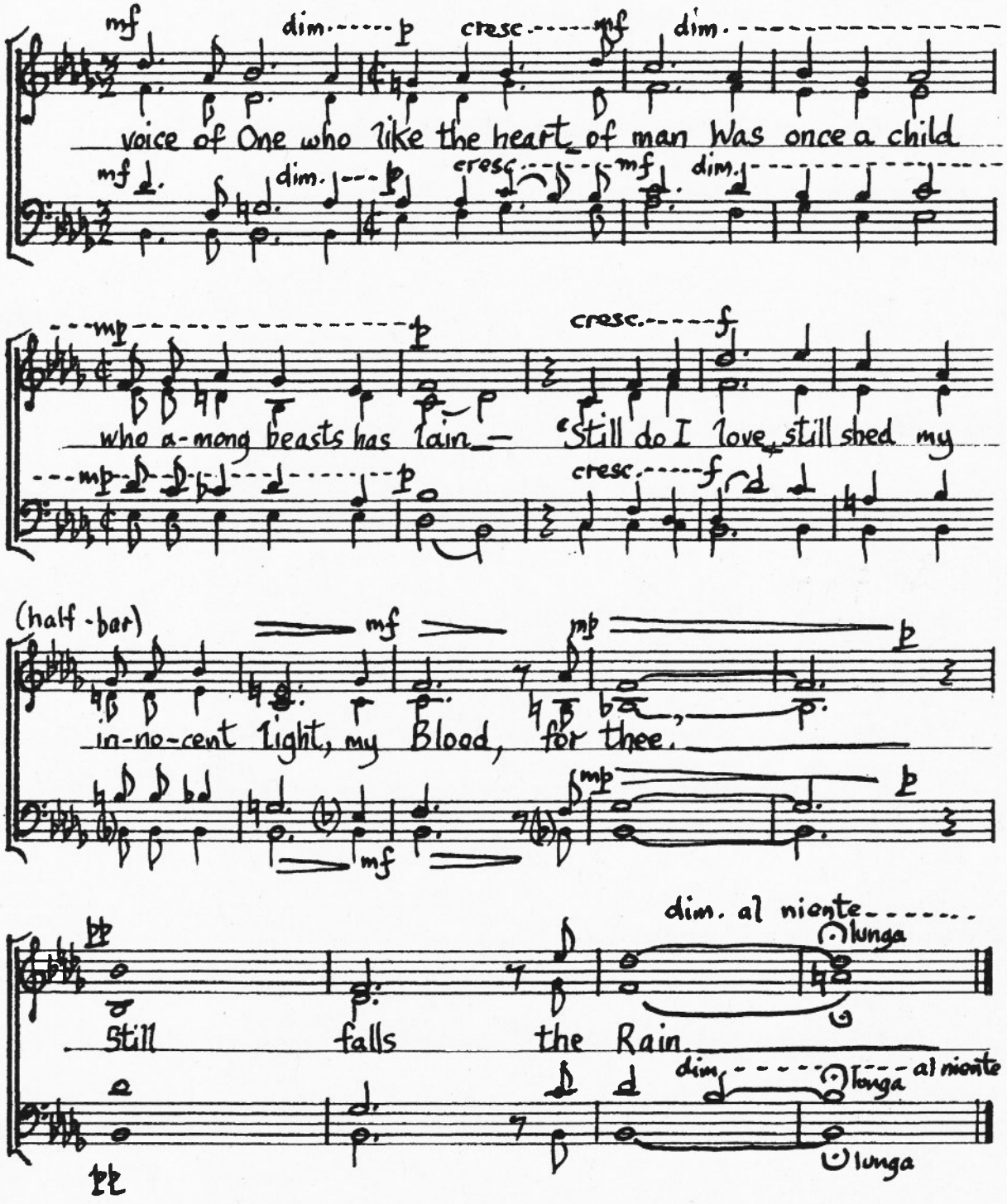

A Tempo
G.P.
mf
mp
Tomb: Still falls the Rain In the Field of Blood where the
small hopes breed and the hum-an brain Nur-tures its creed, that
f
dim.
pp
sf
worm with the brow of Cain. [v.3] Still falls the Rain At the
cresc.
sub.
divisi
feet of the Starved Man hung up-on the Cross Christ that each
(s.unis.)
ff
(A.unis.)
day, each night, nails there, have mer-cy on us — On


mf
f
cresc
Di-ves and on La-za-rus: Un-der the Rain the sore and the
dim.
p
pp
mp
mf
G.P.
gold are as one. [v.4] Still falls the Rain — Still
cresc
poco a poco decrescendo
falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wound-ed Side He
bears in his Heart all wounds, — those of the light that
died, The last faint spark In the self-mur-dered

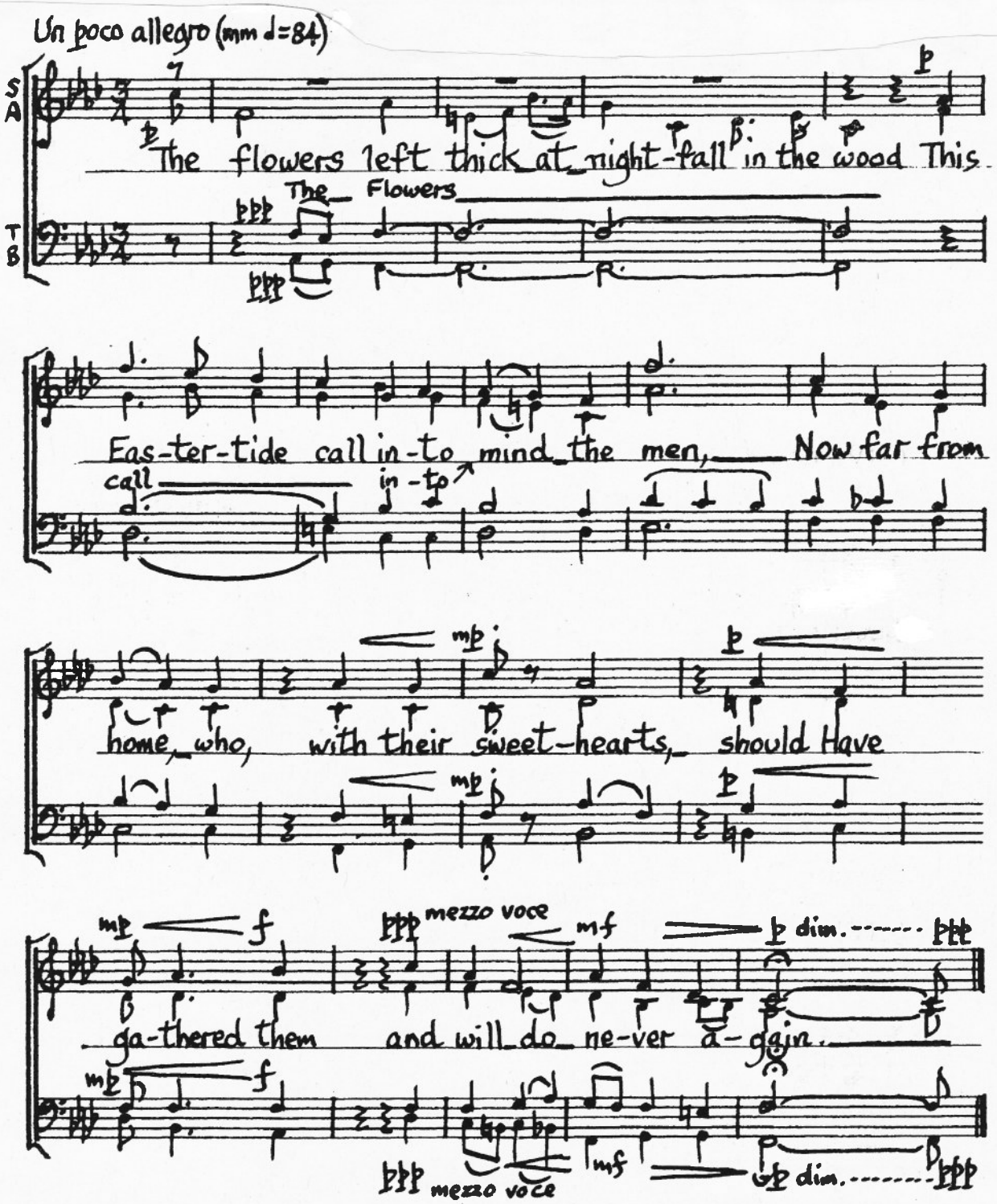
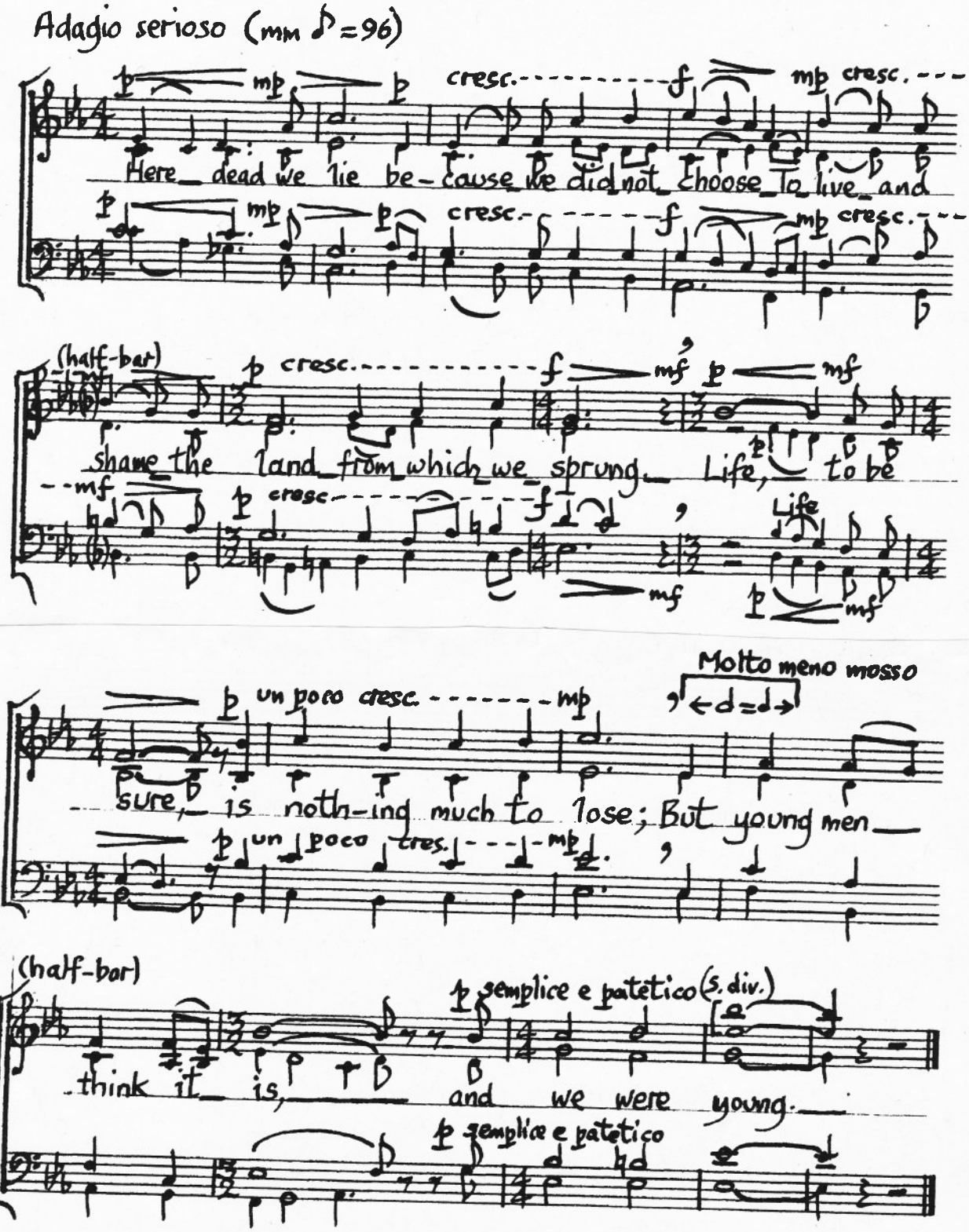

cresc.
f
dim.
p
heart, the wounds of the sad un-com-pre-hend-ing dark, The
fsubito
accelerando
wounds of the bai-ted bear, — The blind and weep-ing bear whom the
(part-bar)
(accel.)
A Tempo
ff
mezzo voce
keep-ers beat On his help-less flesh... the tears of the hunt-ed
Allegro energico
G.P.
hare. [v.5] Still falls the Rain — Then — "O Ile
leape up to my God: who pulles me doune? — —




* Quotation from Christopher Marlowe's play "The Tragicall Historie of Dr. Faustus".


mf dim. p cresc. mf dim.
voice of One who like the heart of man Was once a child
mf dim. p cresc. mf dim.
mp p cresc. f
who a-mong beasts has lain — Still do I love, still shed my
mp p cresc. f
(half-bar)
mf mp p
in-no-cent light, my Blood, for thee.
mf mp p
pp dim. al niente
lunga
Still falls the Rain.
dim. lunga al niente
pp lunga

# 14. THIRD NOCTURNE: "IN MEMORIAM (Easter 1915)
(Edward Thomas, 1878-1917)



15. EPITAPH: "Here Dead We Lie"(A.E. Housman,1859-1936)